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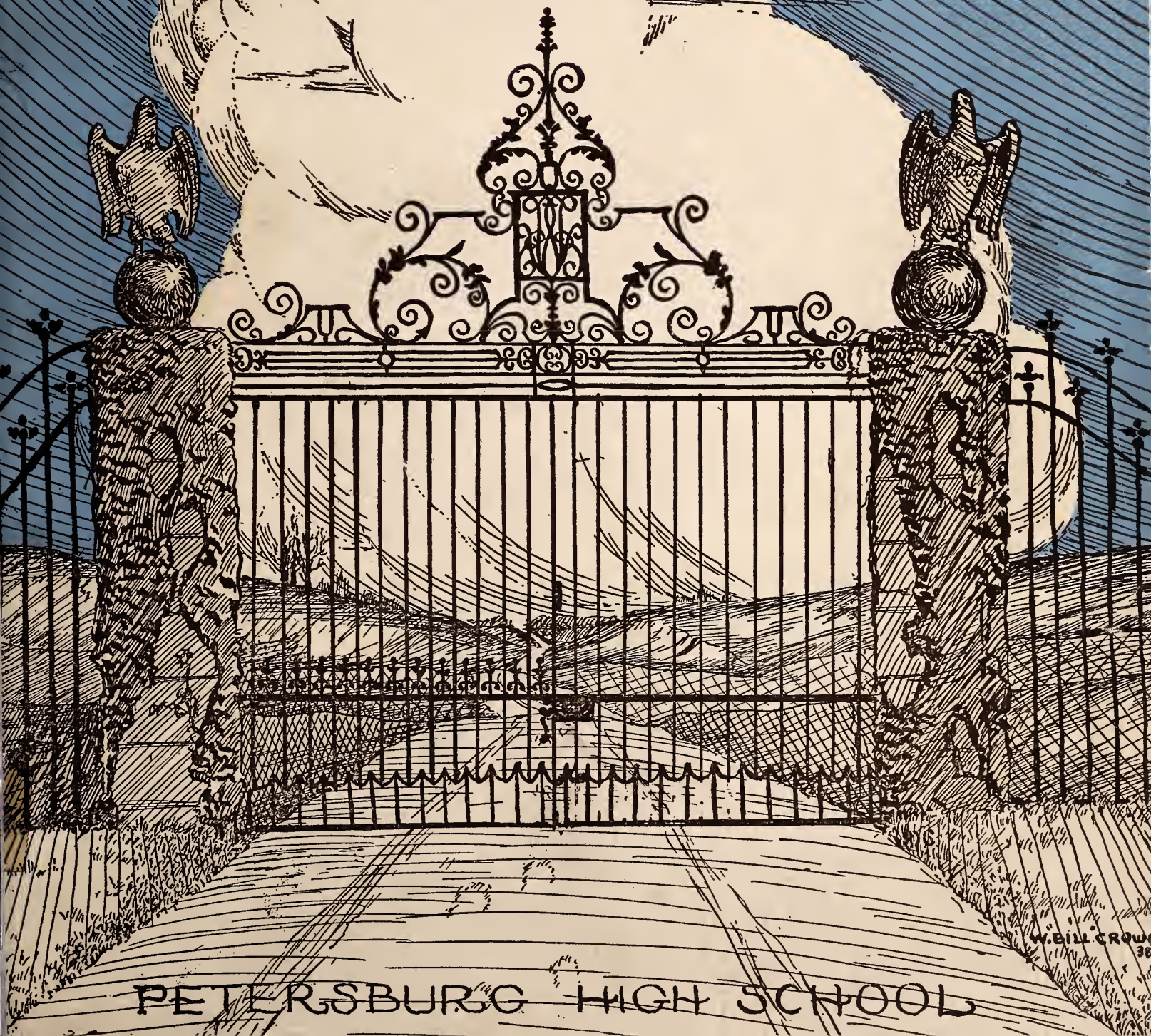
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Annals



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

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THE MISSILE

JANUARY

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL
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THE MISSILE P

VOL. XXVII

PETERSBURG, VA., JANUARY, 1939

No. One

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All illustrations of famous homes, both exterior and interior, were drawn by William Crowder and Robert Winfield from sketches made on a tour to those homes by members of the Missile staff.

"The Missile"

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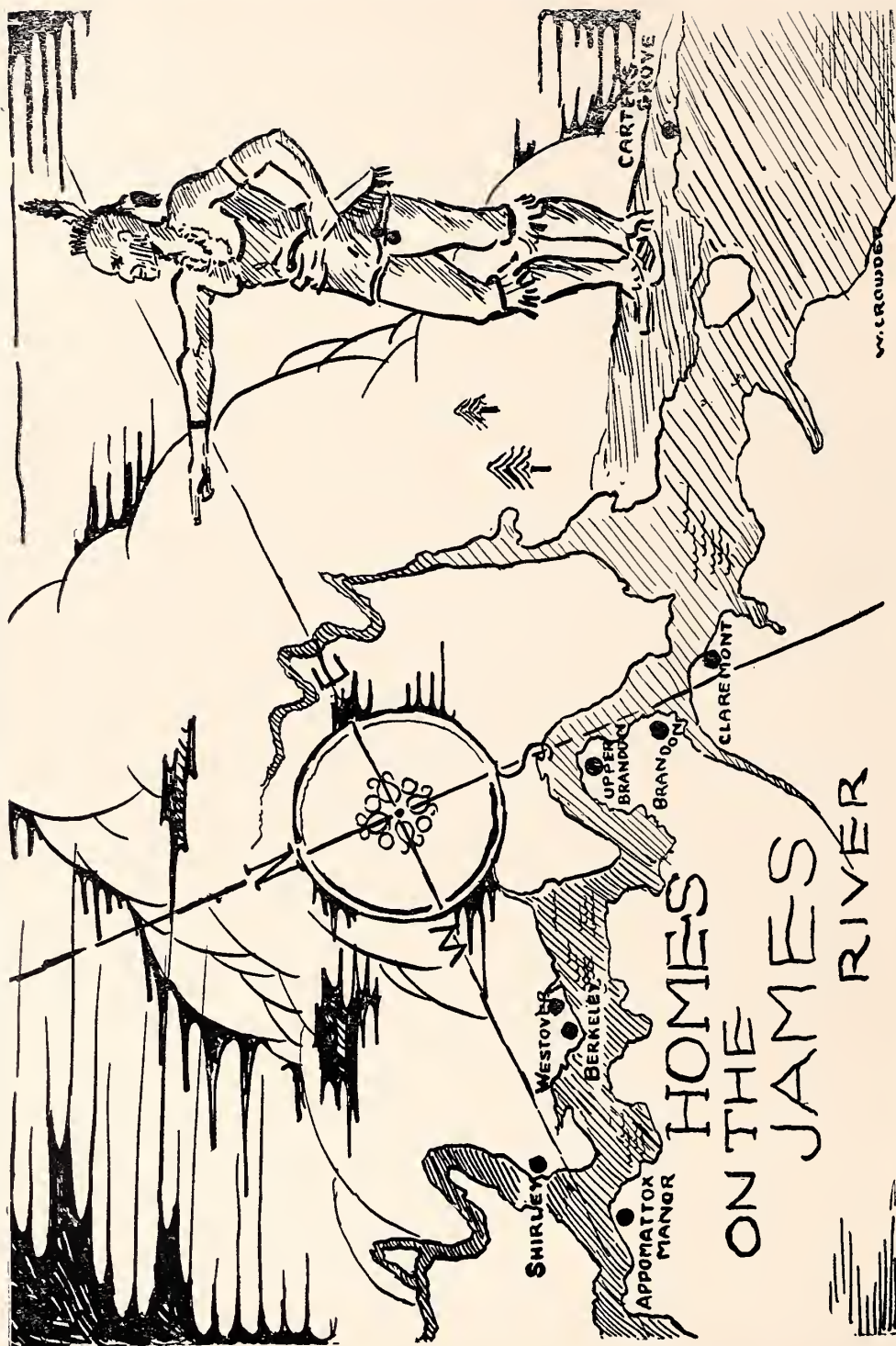
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HOMES ON THE JAMES RIVER



Old Homes on the James

By Catharine A. Williams.



COULDN'T exactly say that the weather when we left for our trip to visit homes on the James was ideal since there was such a thick fog that we could see very little ahead of us. However, as the day progressed, the mist lifted, and we saw Carter's Grove, Westover, Shirley, and Berkeley in a brilliant blaze of sunlight.

After we had crossed the ferry at Hopewell, there was a very pleasant drive to Williamsburg, through which city it was necessary to go in order to reach Carter's Grove. The entrance to this lovely old place was a long, straight dirt lane at the end of which was a truly beautiful cedar grove. On the lawn were many various sizes of deep green boxwood hedges, which added a picturesque touch to the surroundings.

The house itself was typical of those old colonial mansions that you read about in magazines—a large building divided into three sections, a large one between two smaller divisions, with stone steps leading up to the door. I could almost see the ladies in their rustling hoop skirts tripping gracefully up them to enter the hall.

One thing that particularly caught my eye inside was a plaque above the door of the dressing room bearing the inscription, "Let no man bear beyond this threshold hence words uttered here in friendly confidence."

Seems a nice quotation to keep in mind, doesn't it? I think so.

Regretfully we left historic Carter's Grove and headed on toward Westover.

A long road with frequent signs on either side saying, "Horse and Carriage Road" led us up to the gate of Westover. This building was divided into three sections, two small ones on the sides, with a taller one between them. We were escorted around the grounds by an old negro,

who later told me that his name was Jack Porter. He really seemed quite anxious to have his name in our magazine, so it seems only fair to mention him here. But, truly, I think he had three names for every shrub growing in the garden, and was extremely proud to recite from memory for us the inscription on the tomb of William Byrd. After our baffling lesson in botany, we got once more into our car for the very short ride to Berkeley, which place seemed to be a little more modern. Particularly interesting here was the room dug deep in the earth, which was used as a retreat from Indians. A ladder was placed in the small round hole through which they descended into the cold, dark-looking underground chamber.

Since we were to divide our trip into three days, we decided to make our final visit of the first day to Shirley, a house very much in contrast with the others. Though not quite so luxuriously furnished as Carter's Grove and Berkeley, Shirley was lovely in its warm, friendly hospitality. Being attracted by the unusual, of course I was thrilled with an utterly unsupported section of the ancient staircase. I am still trying to figure out what makes it stay there, and it is even more puzzling when you see those steps just suspended in mid-air.

Our trip on Saturday was much lighter in that we did not have so far to go. The homes we visited were Upper Brandon, Lower Brandon, and Claremont Manor.

The two Brandons, very similar to each other, were truly lovely both inside and out. One of the main attractions at Upper Brandon was a beautiful little tan Cocker Spaniel, which gleefully pranced around us while we were trying to take notice of the magnificent furnishings. Of course, in the end, the pup won, and we left, patting it and uttering words of praise.

Lower Brandon's gardens were an inspiring sight. Since all these houses face the river, the vista was facing that way, a long, smooth, green walk, which led right down to the dazzling blue waters which had tiny white-caps dancing on its crest from the breeze. How many lovers must have strolled here in the balmy summer nights, thrilled by the sight of the moon shining full on the water!

It was simply by luck that we were allowed to visit Claremont Manor, and good luck it was, too. For after an exciting walk thru the gardens and an interesting tour of the first floor of the house, a magnificent dining room in the basement climaxed the splendor. All white and blue, with crystalline chandeliers, spotless silver, and immaculate furniture, it just made us gasp at its sheer perfection.

Since we were not able to visit Appomattox Manor at this time, our trip there was postponed for several weeks. When at last we were allowed to go, we found this a charming old place with lovely surroundings. On entering the large iron gates, we drove up a curved lane to a white frame

building, the Eppes home. We walked down to the river's edge, and looked across to the historic peninsula, Bermuda Hundred. The view was most striking from the point where we stood.

And here I am hardly able to express our due appreciation to the following, who have so kindly opened their exquisite homes to us and given us not only an inspiration for writing, but memories that will live with us forever: Mrs. Mary C. McCrea, Carter's Grove; Mrs. Richard Crane, Westover; Mr. Malcolm Jamieson, Berkeley; Mrs. M. C. Oliver, Shirley; the Misses Eppes, Appomattox Manor; Mr. F. Otway Byrd, Upper Brandon; the Honorable Robert W. Daniel, Brandon; Mrs. Anne Owen Cocke, Claremont Manor.



Old Homes

By Margaret Langfitt

I wandered all alone along a path
Half-hidden by the overhanging trees,
And as I walked my thoughts turned to the past,
To farmer life along this lovely James.
How many tales this tangled path could tell,
How many feet had echoed here before,
What baby feet had pranced along this way,
Eager to play in the bubbling brook that ran
Near the place where once a garden bloomed.
Or what young lovers planned and hoped and dreamed
Here in this garden drenched in pale moonlight?
My thoughts were interrupted by the end
Of the path. I paused to turn and started back,
And as I did, the house came into view.
Again my mind turned back the pages of time
And I was lost in dreams of bygone days.
What those old rooms had held came to me now:
The belles and beaus that once had danced within
These stately halls, so very long forgotten
Will live again in memory revived.



A Visit to Carter's Grove

By Yvonne Potts



WHEN I entered the massive door at Carter's Grove, I felt as if I had been transposed from the twentieth century back to the seventeenth.

Our hostess, having greeted us with customary southern cordiality, gave us a brief history of the building of Carter's Grove. Her story ran something like this:

"Carter's Grove, situated on the north bank of the James River, was built in 1690 by David Minetree. The east wing, built first, was built as a wedding gift for Robert 'King' Carter's daughter. Minetree used native Virginia pine which grew in abundance on the plantation. The walls of the rooms in the east wing are paneled with pine, and the flooring, likewise, is of pine.

"In 1700, the west wing of this home was built, and twenty or thirty years later, the manor house was built. Carter Burwell, then owner of the plantation, employed an architect, well trained in the Georgian style, to design the manor house. There is no interior woodwork in America superior to that in Carter's Grove, either in design, workmanship, or beauty of the natural pine used throughout the house. The architect used great skill in the construction of the spiral staircase. On each step, where nail heads would ordinarily appear, are gold inlays, a star, a crown, and a holly leaf."

Our hostess, after giving this brief history, told us to make ourselves at home and to look around as much as we pleased. After this charming invitation, I, having to put this visit on paper, began to wander around, trying to take in everything.

The sight of the spiral staircase brought to my memory the story of General Tarleton, British general who had his headquarters here during the Revolutionary war. It seems that when news came to Tarleton of the nearness of the enemy, he rode his horse into the house and up the stairs, and in his efforts to emphasize to his soldiers the importance of immediate evacuation, he struck the balustrade again and again with his saber, gouging out great pieces of wood. As I recalled this story, I could almost visualize Tarleton committing this deed. Not only did he gash the balustrade, but he likewise ripped masterpieces asunder, wantonly. It is difficult to understand how a man, an Oxford graduate, could be so callous, even in time of war, to destroy so maliciously such great works of art as he destroyed at Carter's Grove.

"And this is an old Korean chest," said our hostess, pointing out a

beautiful chest in the hall of the manor house. The chest was bound in brass, and there was much brasswork on its front.

While our hostess was kept busy answering questions about various articles in the room, I was attracted by some unknown force into another room. When I entered the door, I was struck at once by the beautiful paneling and the intricately carved woodwork. As if in a daze, I seemed to see people of long ago sitting before the fireplace talking about all of the current gossip. Then, from some unknown source, faintly came the strains of an old-fashioned waltz. Those conversing arose and began to sway and dip gracefully to the soft music. One by one the couples glided deeper into the shadows of the room, and I was left alone.

"And this is the 'Refusal Room'," came the voice of our hostess. "George Washington and Thomas Jefferson both proposed here, and both were refused."

She then pointed out two immense mirrors hanging at either end of the room. They were Chippendale, and showed a distinct Chinese influence in the design of a pagoda which surmounted each of them. The fireplace was made of the finest Italian marble brought to this country.

The next room we were shown was the sitting room. In it was the most beautiful chandelier I have ever seen. It was suspended from the ceiling on crystal chains that looked so fragile that I was afraid that they

would break if looked at very hard. The entire chandelier was covered with drop crystals which reflected a myriad of colors when light shone on them.

As we again entered the hallway, our hostess pointed out the extraordinary size of the doors. They were nine feet tall and four inches wide.

"And this is the library, furnished with Chippendale bookcases. You will notice throughout the house the Chippendale furniture. This chandelier was brought from England in 1658, and the ball beneath it is of solid brass," pointed out our hostess.

As I gazed at that ball of brass, I was expecting it to break loose from the force of its own weight.



I turned from the library to go to the dining-room. Lo, what is this? People? No, phantoms dressed in colonial attire, gliding toward the dining-room. They seat themselves at the long Hepplewhite table, and the wine-cart, once owned by Marie Antoinette, is pushed around. Huge platters heaped with steaming foods are brought forth by phantom slaves; but no, I am dreaming again; there is in reality no one here but me. The table is clear, and the wine cart is in its original position. The china cabinet is still filled with dishes, and the serving table is not devoid of its silver and crystal ware.

The manor house is now connected with the kitchen, which, in my opinion, is the most interesting room of the house. Our hostess then left us, and we went into the kitchen under the guidance of an interesting negro, who, I imagined, was probably the descendant of a slave who had worked on the Carter's Grove plantation. Many of the articles so queer to us of this modern age, but that were necessities to the people of yesteryear, were prevalent in the kitchen. There was a candle mold, and many irons for different purposes lined a shelf of the huge fireplace. I shall describe only one or two of the many that were there. One that struck me as odd was a fluting iron. This was used for ironing ruffles, which were used greatly during that period of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Another was an iron heated by charcoal, much larger than the fluting iron.

However, the main interest lay in the huge fireplace on which the people were dependent to a great extent, for it was their means of cooking. There were special racks for cooking meats, and cranes of various sizes for pans of different weights. Over the fireplace were two small cabinets, where, our guide explained, bread was placed to rise; and at the ends of the fireplace were ovens for baking the bread. One of the many curiosities that attracted my attention was a cupboard with a rod for hanging up the silverware. Among other oddities were several old wooden grain crushers, earthenware mugs and pitchers, and many queerly shaped wine and cider jugs.

After we had explored the interior of the mansion, we decided to look around the grounds. The lawns facing the river were terraced and led to the fertile fields which had been cultivated by the slaves when tobacco and cotton had been the main interest and support of the land owners.

Then came the time I had been dreading, the time to depart from this historical old manor. So, regretfully bidding farewell to our congenial hostess, we left Carter's Grove, standing majestically, guarding the lordly James.

Two Poems

By Francis Wyatt

Sonnet

The spring is singing to the joyful sky,
And birds are flying through the cheerful blue;
The growing grasses beautify the view,
The south wind whispers as it passes by,
And leafy trees return its lovely sigh.
The flowers sing; all nature blooms anew,
And casts off winter for a greenish hue.
I joyfully look around me. Spring is nigh!

But oh, so soon the spring must go away,
The budding leaflets fade and grasses die;
So soon the sparkling sunshine's warming ray
Must be a memory. Winter's chilly cry
Of winds will come. O Spring, you cannot stay,
I, sad, shall see gaunt ghosts against the sky.

A Star

You are a jewel shining in the night,
Sparkling in the canopy of blue,
Sending forth your lovely, twinkling light,
Glistening like a diamond that is new,
Beautifying with your light on high
The darkened, sombre patch of gloomy sky.

Your shining beauty sparkles through the night;
The jeweler's velvet beautifies your ray;
Your beauty stays until the blushing light
Blots out the night's black velvet with the day.
Shine while you may, little jewel from afar,
Twinkle brightly, cheerful little star.

Rheta, the Daughter of Satan

By William H. Puryear



IGHTLY I plodded along the moonlit lane from the sparsely settled small settlement of Sugar Grove to the camp where I lived for many months. I doubt if Sugar Grove would have been so frequented by me had I not met Healeah, the dark-haired damsel that inspired my nocturnal cross-country hikes.

It was on one of those return trips from Sugar Grove that, I believe, one of the strangest incidents ever encountered was unfolded before me, so uncanny, so queer that I dared not relate it until now for fear that I would be committed to an insane asylum. I don't ask you to believe the following narrative; I don't even want you to read it if you feel that you are of an intelligent, scientific nature that is too "dyed in the wool" to dwell with me in the wilderness of the unknown amongst long lost powers.

But first let me describe to you the loveliness of Heealeah. She was not of the native mountain's healthy buxom blonde beauty. On the contrary, she was slender, delicate, dark-haired, pale and wan; tall, approximately five feet, six inches, stately and statuesque, narrow of waist; she walked with a willowy flowing grace that seemed to float with the wind—a blue-eyed, streamlined beauty. It was her happy state of mind, always fighting against and ignoring her delicate health, that entranced me and compelled me to walk miles at night to see her.



She was in a spirit of gaiety on that ill-omened evening that I bade her farewell and began to trek along the rocky ridge of Hangman's Hill on down into the hollow. The pallid yellow light of the moon haloed the countryside with a weird glow, silhouetting Terrapin Neck against the illuminated, twinkling, starry sky.

Terrapin Neck was a rambling, rain-and-wind-warped structure that perched at the peak of one of the more diminutive mountains in this rugged section of the Alleghanies. A glittering stream of crystal clear water surrounded the overgrown hill in such fashion as to create among the primitive, yet imaginative, minds of the native mountaineers the title of

Terrapin Neck. So aged was this mountain haven that the older hill-folk could not recall its erection.

The legendary occupants of this retreat were reputed to be an aged man, more ancient than the house, and a woman whose facial features were surpassed by none west of the Blue Ridge.

At the foot of Terrapin Neck resting amid the autumn-decorated wild shrubbery and the ever green piny woods were the remains of a family burying ground. A few worm-eaten, decadent slabs marked the final resting place of some long-forgotten individuals.

Passing not ten yards from this puny necropolis, I was suddenly shocked to a rooted position as I stared in astonishment at what appeared to be a moving object against the white wood slabs in the mellow moonlight. There was no thunder, no baying of dogs, or lowing of cows, and the hillside was as bright as day, yet I have never witnessed a more uncanny sight than that when I stood speechless and pale watching a lone figure puttering among the dead in the first hours of the morning. Was this a ghoul from some dark tarn of Hades sent by Satan to carry out some hellish deed?

"Fool!" my common sense cried out at my superstitious soul, "don't let these simple folk tales and legends influence your mind. This is but some idiot who has over-indulged in his 'pot likker.' "

If I could only have convinced myself with this consolation and run away. But no, I couldn't run; I was slowly being drawn nearer this spectral creature, and in the visibility of the lantern-like rays of the moon I beheld the most beautiful woman that He ever created. Little did I know that this was the daughter of Satan's wife, she who shoveled a shallow hole among the graves. I tried to pretend to myself that curiosity drew me here, but I knew better. I was no longer the master of my mind. I was a puppet in her hands, too weak in will to combat her compelling powers.

I was no longer mystified; I knew that I was ordained to dig for her, and she, without ever looking up, knew that I had arrived.

She whispered, "Dig, Richard."

I tried to act nonchalant, calm, but this bewitching witch woman had intoxicated my body and brain. I gazed at her in sacred awe. She was of an ageless beauty. She glowed with the beauty of innocent youth, yet her eyes foretold the power and intelligence of eternity. I was amazed at her striking resemblance to someone I knew but could not remember.

Her voice again broke my dull meditations, "He must be buried before dawn, as he requested, or he will wander with the undead forever. The moon must not set upon his uncovered body. Oh! dig, Richard, you are so slow! Remember his unhappy youth—his marriage to mother—his—"

The night, the strange woman, her voice, all faded into the distance.

I was no longer digging in a country graveyard; I was miles away in the city, the city of yesteryear. I was not myself, I was reliving the life of Carl Sadler! I later perceived that this woman had hypnotized me into believing I was Carl Sadler, whom I was to dig a grave for.

* * * *

Carl Sadler had lived a normal life with his father until the day he entered the State University. Having been taught by a private tutor in the first years of life he had never made many acquaintances—that is, except Rheta Ramonah. He, being too tender in experience to resist the intoxication of her oriental, chocolate-brown eyes, her rose-petal pink cheeks, and her sleek, feline-like walnut-tinted skin, was an easy victim of her charms, and married her on the day he left home to matriculate at the University. The fact that he was the only child of an aging and wealthy tobacco grower never penetrated the heir's brain. He was in love, and he must win her before he left lest he lose her.

Against the elder Sadler's wishes the marriage was performed and Rheta Ramonah entered the Sadler mansion the day Carl left. Rheta was strange, sulky, and secretive; she was vague about her past; her parents were unknown, and in her veins coursed the blood of many races. She spoke numerous languages, always with that uncanny accent. Her age was as much a mystery as herself; she beamed with the blooming beauty of early maturity; but her exotic eyes and musical voice revealed the remarkable intellectuality of a million years.

Rheta never wrote Carl during that winter, but the youth was weekly supplied with news from his affectionate father. It seemed that the old fellow was growing stronger and healthier, for he wrote with the inspired firm diction of a youngster. On his several holiday trips home, Carl found the old man in the highest of spirits, excepting when the name of Rheta was mentioned. Then hot coals of hatred sparkled in the father's eyes, and he would sulkily stalk into his "den."

In the early months of 1827 the father's weekly letters suddenly terminated. Carl wrote several letters in the ensuing weeks to his father and finally to Rheta, all failing to rouse a response. Anxiety at last forced him to write Rheta that he would surely come home if this last plea went unheeded. It did not. A rapid reply was received from Rheta that all was well, the old man had a slight cold and was not feeling so well—nothing serious, that it was unnecessary for him to leave his studies. Still the stupid, devoted husband, he failed to notice the too hasty answer, the too undetailed letter.

On the following week he received a letter from his former tutor, Tyrone Brockwell. The letter was short, to the point:

Dear Carl,

Only yesterday I called at your father's home, not the first visit in the past weeks, to see Henry, and on this and all occas-

ions I have been greeted by a strange foreigner who calls himself Dr. Brantley and forbids me to see Henry. He says that Mr. Sadler is suffering from an attack of influenza and that it would be unwise to enter the house as the disease is quite contagious.

Becoming worried I investigated and there is no Dr. Brantley practising in Richmond or the vicinity. He is of the same oriental type as Rheta, with the same accent. He has no speech or mannerisms of a doctor, and I fear he is an impostor, that Henry is the victim of some foul play. Rheta is seen with the stranger at all times, and even though my fears may be unwarranted, I believe it to be importunate that you return at once.

Your devoted friend,
Tyrone Brockwell.

Without notifying Rheta or anyone, Carl Sadler arrived unknown in Richmond and under cover of night proceeded secretly to approach his home. Before entering the house, he stopped to meditate amid the shadows of the majestic magnolias just below the darkened mansion. His home had always been a welcome sight with its large French windows sending forth rays of light to beacon his entrance.

Not this night! Looming against the indigo sky, engulfed in a shroud of darkness emanating dismay and despair, it created a forbidding sinister atmosphere of ominous sort. The shuttered windows and coffin-tight door barred the clean cool simplicity of the outside world from some weird, eerie unknown terror too fearful for the puny senses of man to comprehend; at least that was the sensation that threatened to bar Carl Sadler from his own birthplace.

A cold drop of rain upon his worried warm forehead brought his reeling senses back to the fact that he still existed in a world of mortal men, and stimulated his failing nerve. Even then he shivered slightly as he slipped up the doorsteps and tried the knob. Futile effort; it was locked; he moved the knocker and the sounds echoed through the vast structure as if it were some hollow tomb bored into the bowels of the earth.

Receiving no results, he pounded until the panes in the side panelings of the door threatened to patter upon the porch in slivered splinters. Finally the door creaked open, and there in the obscured shadows stood Rheta.

No kisses for a returning husband, she glared at him with pin-point eyes of madness and angrily hissed, "What you doing here? You didn't tell me!"

"Rheta! what's wrong? Let me in."

"Nothing," she answered too quickly and too loudly. Then with that sudden coolness of the oriental she restrained her temper. Hiding her surprised countenance under forced smiles she began, "Oh, Carl—I—oh, I don't know; please forgive me. I was, oh, so lonely and worried I just haven't been myself since your father disappeared."

"Father what?" he interrupted, "What's happened?"

"I don't know. Oh, Carl, he just was gone—"

"How long ago have the pol—?" He suddenly stopped as he strode into the dark, musty old hallway. "My God! Rheta, what's that I smell?"

A pungent, nauseating odor of putrefaction struck his nostrils, momentarily sickening his whole system.

Once again Rheta lost her calmness and excitedly cried, "No, Carl, you have just come in from the fresh night air; I don't smell anything."

Carl was already at the end of the corridor, opening the door to the large back room where old Henry Sadler kept his many ancient relics. Here he choked from the strong stench that filled the room and turned his stomach. Spying the mummy case as the source of this odor, he staggered across the floor and reached for the lid. Neither he nor Rheta saw the tall, tan foreigner who noiselessly entered the room behind Rheta and closed the door.

The lid came open at Carl's tug, and he sprang back flinging his arms over his face and mouth. Eyes popping in horror, he stared at the decomposed, many-days-dead carcass that had once been his father—now a decaying mass of maggot-eaten putrescence.

The lid fell back into place and he whirled around to face the stranger for the first time. He stopped, stared, and a dull expression froze his face. The room became silent and calm. The stranger spoke low with a dominating, hypnotic drone, "You don't smell anything, Carl. Your father is dead and awaiting burial, but you don't smell anything. You have had a long journey, Carl. You are sleepy, oh, so very sleepy and tired. You want to go up stairs to bed, don't you, Carl?"

Carl stared lifelessly, and drowsily nodded, "Yes."

"Carl, you must understand that your father is lying here awaiting burial. You realize that he is not to be shown to anyone; he must lie here several days undisturbed, and we will then cremate him. You understand, Carl?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Sleep is upon you, Carl. You must go to sleep and forget everything. Just sleep, and sleep, and sleep, and sleep."

Carl slowly walked out of the door, up the stairs to his room, and undressed.

* * * *

Carl Sadler did not arrive in Richmond as incognito as he had intended. His old instructor, Tyrone Brockwell, who had written him concerning the queer circumstances involving his home, was passing the Sadler estate and recognized the fitting figure as it swept along the street. Deciding that Carl wished to be unknown in his arrival, he did not let himself be seen but hurried on his way.

The next evening he saw Carl walking with Rheta and the stranger, and accosted him with a salutation of friendship.

Carl stared dully at the old man and remarked, "Who are you?"

Rheta sharply snorted, "Come, Carl, the old dotard probably wants a handout."

As a devoted dog humbly follows his master, so did Carl turn away, leaving his old friend in hurt bewilderment.

Tyrone Brockwell was not a man to be fooled; years of experience had imbedded too much knowledge of human nature in his scholarly brain. He muttered, "The poor boy is not himself." To himself he thought, "I am his only friend. I must act and act quickly. But then, I am too old to cross these evil people. I must find someone else who can cope with them. He must be under some supernatural power."

Then one name flashed before him—R. Greene Ramsey, his old and tried friend, the old weather-hardened seaman who had sampled the salty spray of every sea from Seattle to Sydney. Old Rock would know what to do: the lanky, lean Rock, the superstitious Rock who had lived many of his days among the mystic races of the Far East. But then, Rock lived some distance away, over in Petersburg, and it would take time to find him and explain the situation. Nevertheless, Tyrone felt that the risk of time had to be run, for Rock Ramsey was the only living soul who could now save the seemingly lost Carl Sadler.

Many hours later the fatigued fat mares drew Tyrone's black coach in front of the bachelor abode of R. Greene Ramsey, situated just below Old Blandford Church.

That night in the living room of Ramsey Flats, while apples and potatoes roasted in the hot ashes of the open fireplace, while the fire crackled and leaped lazily up the chimney, sending creeping shadows dancing in dizzy delight along the walls of the room which was lighted only by the flaming, simmering oak and pine logs, Tyrone Brockwell related the strange case of Carl Sadler between the many sips of Rock's rich imported port. Rock sat in silence, puffing circles of smoke from the large pipe filled with aromatic Turkish tobacco.

Rock finally spoke, "It was not Carl Sadler you spoke to yesterday."

"Yes, it was. I recognized both Carl and Rheta."

"You spoke to the body, the crust of Carl Sadler, but you also spoke to the mind or soul of someone else, someone else who dominates this boy's actions." Then upon noticing Tyrone's puzzled expressions he remarked, "Brock, education and science have made you too practical, but in the next few days I think you'll change some of those stubborn ideas."

"Then you think you can help him?"

"Think? Why, Ty, we've practically won. I know just the place where we can get our strong-arm help—two of the toughest hombres north of Hell. Come, let's get to bed, for we're going to leave at dawn."

Near noon the following day the two men arrived at the Halfway House on the road to Richmond.

Said Rock, "We'll rest here awhile, and I think this is where we can locate two of my Far East friends; they are usually asleep under one of the tables. No, they're sober—there they are with Rosie Hygopia. Hey! Cogle, Winfield!"

Calcutta Cogle and Singapore Winfield yelled back in their beer-soaked baritone, "Old Hard Rock Ramsey, what in h— are you doing here?"

Rock remarked, "You boys want a little excitement? Oh, by the way, this is an old friend of mine—meet Tyrone Brockwell."

"Hiyah, Ty," yelled Cal Cogle; "this is Rosie Hygopia, owner of the Halfway House."

While the sloe-eyed Rosie served ale and the Mad Russian entertainer, Poratvanoff, squeaked away on a partly stringless fiddle, Rock described the incidents to the beer-happy pair.

"Let's go," they shouted and all headed for Richmond and whatever horrors lay ahead.

* * * *

Several days later when Rheta and Carl walked out of an inn in the lower downtown section, they hailed a conveniently waiting hack and entered to be confronted by a brawny fellow who pointed a pistol at them and sneered, "One peep out of you, sister, and I'll batter your brains all over Broad Street. Okay, Singapore, let's get going."

"Who are you?" said Rheta.

"George Washington; wanta see my hatchet?"

"You will pay with your life for this," hissed Rheta.

The vacant looking Carl remained silent and unruffled.

Winfield drove the hack into the alley beside Tyrone's home, and Cal Cogle, taking Rheta under one arm and Carl under the other, transferred the human luggage into the house.

Rheta recognized Brockwell. "So you are back of this outrage?"

"Hello, Rheta. Surprised?" glared Brockwell.

"Why don't you cast a spell over us all, my dear Rheta," laughed Rock. "Oh, no, Rheta Ramonah, you are powerless without the aid of Dr. Brantley, if his name be Dr. Brantley."

"His name is not Dr. Brantley," echoed a voice from the doorway. "Please raise your hands, all of you." There, filling the doorway, was the foreigner.

"Allia Singh, alias Billy Peterson!" cried Rock Ramsey.

"Oh, yes, Rock, we have met before, but under no better circumstances."

"You followed us," from the now happy Rheta.

"Yes, tie those two; we're going to take Mr. Ramsey and Mr. Brockwell with us," answered Allia Singh.

Rheta wrenched the curtains from the windows and with mannish prowess securely trussed Cal and Singapore while Allia Singh held Tyrone and Rock at bay with his pistol. All the while the hypnotized Carl Sadler drowsily watching with his usual lack of interest.

"And now, my dear Rock, and not overlooking the distinguished Mr. Brockwell, we shall proceed to the Sadler home where I have a little treat in store for you meddlesome boys," sneered the triumphant Singh. Then to Carl, "My boy, lead these gentlemen to the waiting coach. That's a good boy, Carl."

Back in the coach Ramsey was fortunate enough to sit opposite Carl Sadler, and, without speaking to anyone, he attempted to unlock the hypnotized brain. Boring his thoughts deep into the mind of Carl Sadler with every known device of mental telepathy, he tried to thwart the power of Allia Singh. The normal Carl Sadler was the only asset left for these doomed men; in the present state he was their enemy. Sadler's face frowned in puzzlement. Rock's heart lightened slightly; he felt that he, at least, had discovered a possible aid that might prolong his shortening hours. He shifted his thoughts from Carl for fear that Allia Singh might notice the change in his victim.

The blackness and chill of night had settled upon the city when the hack stopped at the entrance of Sadler's home. The streets were deserted at this hour, the light fog concealing the figures as they darted from the coach, blended with the bleak obscurity, and entered the house.

As the door closed behind him, Tyrone Brockwell felt that it had shut out the last possible ray of hope, that he had stepped from the earth into the murk of some forgotten world where humans did not dwell.

They were marched back and down into the damp depths of the dungeon-like basement. A slight sound of surprise and horror escaped from Rock's lips. They had stepped into the middle of Hades!

A caldron of flaming white heat flared from a round circle in the center of the basement, so blinding that the men had to shield their aching eyes from the glare. Lined along the walls were seven mummy cases, each holding seven nude bodies: six lifeless bodies of once beautiful women, and the body of old Henry Sadler. Whimpering in the far corner of the room was a small child, not more than a year old.

Singh spoke, "Rheta, you had better tie our visitors; they might object to the matinee. Carl, this is the crematory, and as your father wished, we shall cremate him. Let us empty the bodies into the fire. Come, Carl, quickly."

Expecting the horrible stench of scorched flesh as the bodies fell into the fire, Tyrone turned his head but was stopped short by Rock as he shouted, "My God, look!"

Those long dead carcasses were not burning—they were filling out and becoming alive. They moved, stood up in the full vigor of life as if the cold hand of death had never caressed them. And then with the same astounding rapidity they evaporated as if a breath of wind had blown over a pile of dust.

"Look—look at Rheta and Singh," croaked Rock.

In those same fleeting seconds Rheta had grown a full inch taller, was younger, and her rounding form was splitting her clothes. Singh was also enlarging, skin becoming whiter. He grinned with sarcasm, "Human fuel for the fires of Satan that we may have eternal youth."

He then shouted, "Wake up, Carl, you cur; you will be the next to restore my soul with years of youth."

Carl jumped, glared around, and as his awakening brain seemed to comprehend the situation, Singh's pistol butt crashed upon the lad's skull and he crumpled to the floor like a folding flour sack.

Beads of perspiration dripped from Brockwell's forehead, Rock choked, the fire crackled in diabolical merriment, Rheta pinned up her ripped garments, and the small child whimpered and whined. Singh lifted the unconscious form of Carl in his arms and started toward the blazing furnace of Satan.

Then chaos ruled. With a sound of crashing timber the basement door was battered to the floor, and the big blond Scot, Calcutta Cogle, thundered into the room with Singapore Winfield and Rosie Hygopia galloping at his heels.

Allia Singh dropped Sadler and reached for his pistol. Too slow—the red-faced Cal Cogle, with kinked hair standing up like curling irons on his head, dived across the room, his anvil-like fist lashing out at Singh's chin, stretching his neck, lifting him completely into the air, and into the roaring fire.

Rheta lunged at Cal with a pin-pointed dagger, but Singapore had already clutched her wrist and twisted the blade to the floor. She jerked from his grasp and leaped into the fiery furnace. For maybe a half minute Rheta and Singh stood poised in the leaping flames and then they were gone.

Rosie Hygopia had already released Ramsey and Brockwell; Singapore picked up the now crying child; Calcutta threw Carl over his shoulder, and they all raced from the flaming room as the now uncontrollable fire licked at the ceiling and walls.

* * * *

From the not too distant front window of Tyrone Brockwell's home they stood watching the burning mansion that had once been the house of Carl Sadler.

"I'm glad it's gone," whispered Carl.

"It is better that everything that would bring back memories has been erased from the earth," answered Rock.

"But I remember nothing from the moment I entered the relic room that night until I was struck down in the basement."

"All the better," remarked Tyrone; "still it puzzles me why all those girls' bodies were down there."

"If you'll notice these back newspapers I found in your closet, Ty," explained Rock, "you'll see where several girls living in the surrounding country have mysteriously disappeared in the past weeks. All right; Allia Singh had discovered the key to some long lost secret of eternal youth and beauty. He came from India to America with his mystic powers, and whom would he meet but his old friend Rheta who has found herself a gold mine here in the Sadler estate? And what would be a better place to practice this deviltry than in the old Sadler home?"

"Rheta entered into partnership with Singh, for she also saw the value of this eternal beauty. Needing youth and loveliness to feed the hungry fires of Satan from which the desired beauty and youth were transferred to them, they took these girls, and again using some of Singh's strange powers placed the bodies in a state of death but preserved the souls for their own evil purpose.

"The old man, being in the way, also became a victim of that living death. If you noticed, tonight is the first we have seen of a full moon; only tonight could Singh contact Satan to carry out his deeds. That is why Allia kept the bodies hid in the mansion, and we had time to act. If I had the heart I would destroy this child, which must be Rheta's, for Rheta is surely not dead. Her body is gone, but I believe the soul merely slipped into this child.

"Now, gentlemen, that is only my interpretation of this whole affair. It is best that we never mention this and forget the whole thing."

"What are your intentions now, Carl?" questioned Tyrone.

"Well," replied Carl, "the public will think that father, Rheta, and I perished in the fire. That is good. As all that father leaves is willed to Tyrone, I want you to turn everything into cash and send it to me.

"I shall leave tonight and take this child with me. I'm going to build a home somewhere far in the mountains away from all life and live there until I have completely forgotten everything. I shall raise the child where I can watch it and see that no more humanity is harmed. I hope Singh's secret is blotted from the face of the earth forever."

"Where are Cal and Rosie and Singapore?" inquired Rock.

"They just discovered the wine chest. You know, it certainly was lucky for us that Rosia Hygopia decided to follow us from the Halfway House to Richmond and found Cal and Singapore all tied up here. Things would have been quite different now," sighed Tyrone.

"You're right, Ty; good old Rosie!" smiled Rock.

* * * *

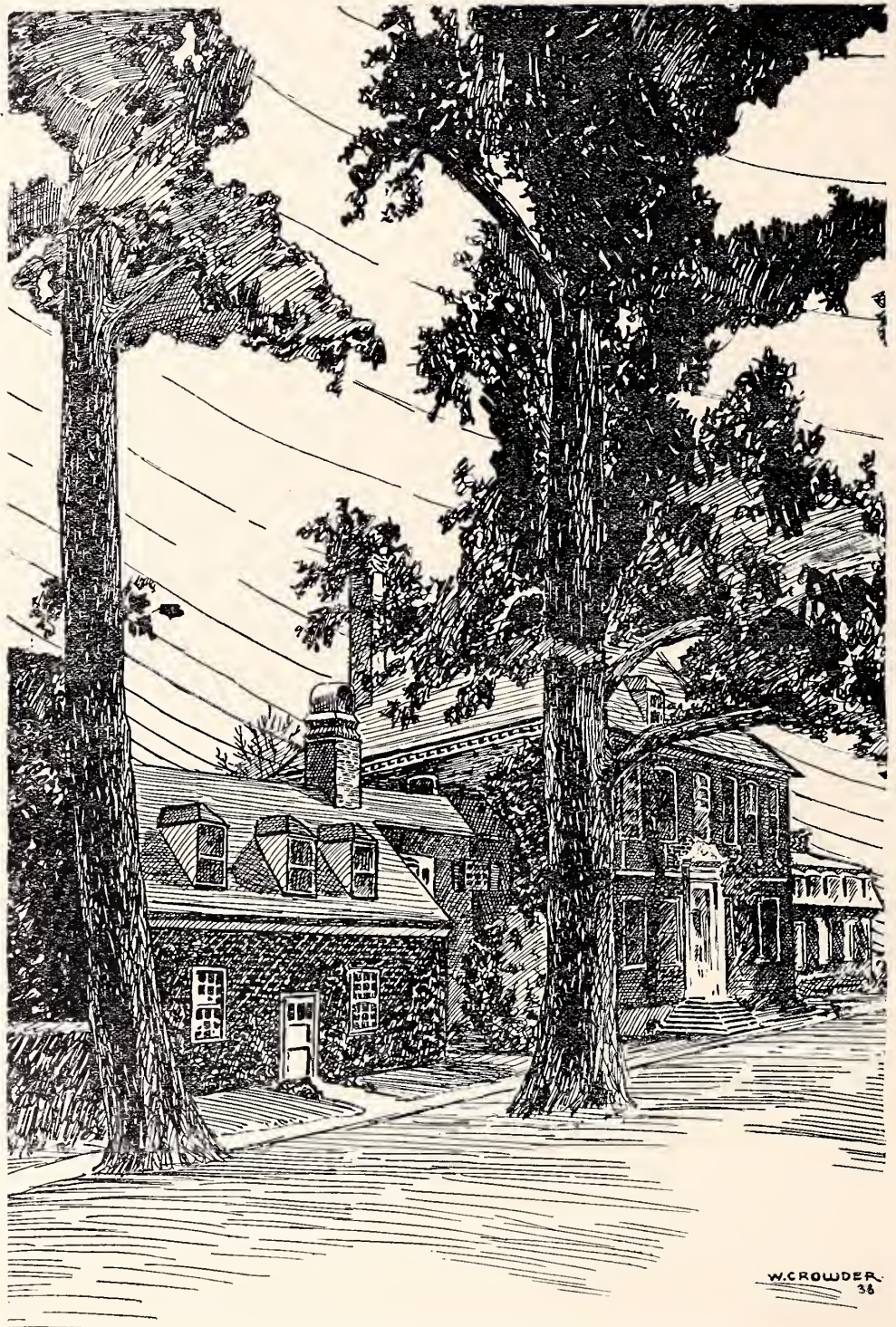
Once again I found myself beside this strange woman digging. It seemed as if I had had a bad dream and just waked. The grave was almost finished, giving evidence that I had laborèd while this woman had told, or rather, caused me to react the life of Carl Sadler. She told me? Had she really told me of the uncanny case of Carl Sadler? Why no, she wouldn't have told me if she were the daughter of Rheta Ramonah, or Rheta Ramonah reincarnated. She would have fooled me into digging the grave, then used me as a victim for her eternal youth. Eternal youth! That proved it. She was still young and beautiful, and yet she should be over a hundred years old. Then who had given me the power to relive the life of Carl Sadler? Carl Sadler? That was it! The man whose grave I was digging, the man who had left civilization to live here in these mountains at Terrapin Neck, was the one who had warned me against this witch, this vampire who fed upon the health of others. And now I recognized that resemblance. It was Healeah. Was this witch destroying my Healeah? Suddenly enraged beyond common sense I hurled the shovel at the woman.

Clawing my way out of the hole I glanced back to see the vampire burst into white flames, and then I was alone. Nothing but the gaping hole I had dug and the several white slabs surrounded me. At the sound of roaring flames I turned to see Terrapin Neck shooting flames of fire far into the sky. As I ran into the woods leaving this ghoulish section, I saw Terrapin Neck crash to the ground.

Sitting here writing tonight I can give but one explanation more of the events of that never-to-be-forgotten night. Carl Sadler must have lived to a good old age—far more than a hundred. He raised the daughter of Rheta, who was in reality Rheta reincarnated. The daughter developed the secrets of the old Rheta, and in later years dominated the old man. Upon his death she intended to bury him and continue to live at Terrapin Neck, existing upon the souls of the primitive mountain folk. But even in death Carl Sadler strove to carry out his wishes to destroy all that was left of Rheta Ramonah and Allia Singh. Therefore he intervened, related to me his life, causing me to save my own.

The remains of Carl Sadler were found in the ashes of Terrapin Neck, but the open grave in the old yard was never explained. The last I saw of Healeah, she had regained her health and was as strong as any mountain lass.

I left the hills a few months later and have never returned. Even now I fear that Rheta Ramonah is haunting me, that she will never leave me, that she will always torment me for thwarting her plans on that ill-fated night. I destroyed her body, but that soul is still living, haunting, whispering, whispering, whispering——.



Westover, the Home of the Byrds

By Marjorie Marek

THE SUN had stolen its way through the heavy fog and was spreading its morning brightness on the myriads of autumn leaves which bordered the winding country road along which we made our way toward Westover, ancestral home of the Byrds. William Byrd, the First, had come over from England and settled on the James River. Here William Byrd, the Second, grew up and later bought Westover, which had been built between 1730 and 1733.

This Byrd played a great part in early American history and he also was among the first literary men of our nation. He established the dividing line between North Carolina and Virginia and also laid out plans for the city of Richmond. Before this he had carried on business near the present site of Richmond. Always carrying on the tradition of their ancestors in being leaders of their time, the Byrds of today are likewise well-known for their leadership in Virginia. After riding for about an hour we saw a sign which read, "Westover, two miles west."

I was sorry the owner would not let us go into the house, but we appreciated even having the chance to see the lovely gardens. My, there was the river, and Westover! I had always wanted to go there and at last I was realizing my wish. As I entered a big iron gate I came face to face with a lovely weeping willow! I wondered if it were weeping the tears of all the Byrds who had walked through that same gate. Hmmm, a colored guide was coming up to us. I saw where I would have to write fast. Where was he taking us? I hoped it was not for a dip in the river. No, he had stopped on the hill and was pointing to something. I thought I had better hurry down and hear what it was all about. Indians? Sounded interesting! There were two tunnels and they led up to the home and to an old well house. The grass has grown around the entrances which are lined with brick. I'm certainly glad we don't have to hide in damp places like that from savage Indians. Imagine always being in fear of having your hair cut closer than is healthy.

The guide was quite entertaining. He was one of those people who



employ a steady flow of words, never at a loss for what to say. I captured the spirit of the past while he led us among the gnarled old trees. A number of them, I learned, had been dedicated to famous personages who have visited Westover. There was a pecan tree planted for Woodrow Wilson, and farther on a sugar maple in honor of Teddy Roosevelt; another kind had been set out for McKinley, and even Mrs. Woodrow Wilson has a bush planted for her. What a mixture—hemlock, linden, yucca and English yew. A butterfly flitted about among these old trees and out toward the grassy slope. The river had a soft haze over it, and from its edge a sea of green velvet flowed up to the cold, grey steps, worn and cracked by the touch of time. I wondered how many little feet had tripped up these and through the massive doorway, and how many times the lovely, wistful Evelyn Byrd had sat there and gazed at the same river that I could see. Probably she dreamed of her lost love, Charles Mordaunt, and old England where she had left him. It was such an impressive scene that words could never describe it.

The guide explained that the house itself is a perfect example of Georgian architecture with its steeply peaked roof and dormer windows. In former times the kitchen wasn't connected to the house, but a later generation has built an addition between. One end was destroyed, but this has also been replaced. The brick of the original building is a mellow old-rose color, a lovely picture against the green lawn.

We were told that we could peep in the door, which helped some, but I still couldn't have written a very long tale on the shades of the panes in the windows and the floor which appeared to be the original, although I can't verify it. But there was a lovely staircase—dark and massive with gorgeously carved balusters. On the left of the hall, the guide told me, is the dining-room; on the right is a front parlor and a piano room. Everything I could see of the interior was fine and distinctive, just the kind of things I have always imagined William Byrd would have in his home.

I remember reading that the finest and largest private library of Colonial America was at Westover. It contained nearly 4,000 volumes in all languages in twenty-three double presses of black walnut. I certainly would like to have seen it although probably none of the original books are there. After staying there a while we started around to the road-side of the house and approached the well house the guide had mentioned in connection with the Indian tunnels. How musty it smelled in there! The corners of this old house are of original brick but the boards have been supplied during later times. I couldn't imagine those old-fashioned, hooped skirts in a dank place like that. The tunnels at the bottom of the well were supposed to connect with the house and the river. I'd like to have stayed and inspected such an interesting old place, but I had to hurry on.

On reaching the front of the house I was confronted with a unique brick wall. Placed at intervals on the top are carved stone figures.

Each one is of a different design and has a different meaning. There is an acorn, a pineapple, an urn, a bee hive and a few others. The acorn means that from the acorn comes the tree; the pineapple stands for hospitality and the bee hive for industry. This wall extends the whole length of the front of the house and stands about six feet in height. In the middle is an iron gate. Wrought of massive iron, it hangs on two ivy-covered stone pillars. These ornate gates bear the Byrd coat of arms, guarded by two eagles, perched on the time-worn columns.

Everything was so different and interesting I felt swamped in trying to remember it all. There was a cat napping at the entrance to the basement. I wondered if he might be dreaming of the rat his great-great-grandfather caught, but I'm afraid the atmosphere was just getting the best of me.

Well, at last, Jack (for that was the guide's name) led the way into the garden, and such a garden it is! There seemed literally to be a labyrinth of paths, edged with fragrant boxwood and studded with late autumn flowers. Nature seemed to have outdone itself in this antiquated spot of the world. A pretty little statue stood at the end of a path and I ventured to ask, "Who put that statue here in this garden?" Waiting to hear the guide say, "Colonel Byrd," "Lawd, dat was put there hardly six months ago" abruptly knocked me out of my dreams of the past. My! that guide seemed pleased over the fact that I didn't know the statue was original.

"Did Colonel Byrd plant all this boxwood?" someone inquired.

"No, indeed, all them little bushes has just been set out in late years, but he did write his own epitaph. Just follow me and look at it while I repeats what Colonel Byrd wrote himself. He certainly was a smaht man."

The shrine is really impressive. During the years that have passed the carved flowers have accumulated a greenish color from the moss, and the corners and edges have been chipped off. The epitaph states, in William Byrd's own words, that he was a prudent father and an economist. Having finished reading, the guide related the following incident to us.

"A lady was here once and asked me how I could like Colonel Byrd so much. She says, 'Don't you know he was mean? It says right there that he was.' And I just told her that 'prudent' don't mean 'mean.' She just couldn't read right, I guess. She had on a fifty dollar dress with a fifty cent brain."

Then he led us up and down paths and had me going around in circles. Never had I seen so many trees and flowers. A gnarled old wisteria arbor with a rustic bench afforded me a good place to rest my weary bones. The twittering of the birds and the drone of the guide's talk, along with the hazy atmosphere of Indian summer and the woody odor of the garden made me drowsy. I would have liked to curl up there and start writing my story, but I had to go on and hear the rest. At one place there was a scuppernong grape vine—too bad it wasn't August! Then we came upon a Jap-

anese persimmon tree loaded with half-ripe fruit. It looked like an orange apple tree to me. There were French and Persian lilac trees and a Japanese weeping cherry. It seemed to me that most of the garden was imported, but there really was something American there—ivy. More and more flower beds of primroses, verbenas and such, and then we came back to the lawn on the bank of the river.

Lunch at last! and to make it better than ever we were perched on tree trunks facing the river. What more could one have asked for than the quiet James flowing by and lovely Westover superbly set amid the stately trees as an atmosphere for our lunch? A green mound runs from one gate to another. I learned that this was in former days of river travel a road running along the river.

Just as we were finishing lunch the guide came up again and wanted to know if we should like to go to the stables and see the Arabian horses. Mr. Miller seemed to think we should go on to Berkeley, so we all piled into the cars and set out again. I left, full of atmosphere, with a satisfied feeling from my lunch and a notebook full of scrambled notes.



Fireside Dreams

By Martha Mayton

As I sit and watch the leaping flames on the hearth
I seem to see a maiden fair with eyes
Alight with laughter. She dances full of grace
Twisting and bending on her twinkling toes;
Before my admiring eyes she dances there
Without a single care; she seems to whirl
And beckon you to join her in her dance;
Her dress is brilliant orange, mixed with red;
She's lovely, gracious, tall, but soon she bows.
Her dance is over, she's had her hour of fame;
Now she must vanish, she cannot dance forever.
Others take her place, my dream is shattered.

My Hope For America

By James Edwards

O nation of our fathers' birth,
The resting place of honored sires
Who dared your mighty wilderness
And built your towering cities great:
The land where builders of mankind
Have dreamed and wrought and blessed the world,
Where free men live, and work, and love,
Not slaves that move like human clods.
Our country beautiful and great,
God help us keep you great and fair.

We love you, nation of our birth,
And view with pride your honored past
And greatness of this present day,
But hope for you a larger place
Of service in God's scheme of things.
As time relentlessly moves on.
Throughout the unborn years to come
Old Glory will be flying still,
With greater brightness than today,
Untrampled by the heel of foe.

May free men then as now still hold
Unchanged in strength and sacred rights
The document our fathers wrote
To safeguard our democracy
And set at naught the rule of kings.
May men be free from unjust toil
That crushing makes them slaves of greed.
In work of low or high degree
May all men find a place to toil,
To do their part to make you great.

Then science will not give to war
Its knowledge, but will help men live.
Diseases that now blight mankind
Will vanish, and bright health and peace
Will lift and broaden human life.
Our faith in God abiding still,
A mighty beacon never dimmed,

Will keep men clean and strong and true,
And tolerance for our brothers' prayer
Safeguard religious liberty.

The future that will find you great
In science, wealth, and world-wide trade,
In mighty ships upon the sea,
And ships that travel through the air,
Will find you great in leadership
Of peace, of happiness, of home,
Of conquered economic ills,
And universal brotherhood,
A land more fair to look upon
Whose strength is in its Godliness.

Editor's note: The above poem recently won honorable mention in a contest sponsored by the American Youth Forum under the auspices of the American Magazine.



Winter is Near

By Martin Rosenbloom

The leaves are falling from the trees
As the breezes whisper and whine,
Gently rattle the colorful autumn leaves
Scattered to and fro.
I hear their cracking, crunching sounds
As I am walking through the woods,
Watching the animals prepare for winter.
The squirrels are gathering their year's supply
And the birds are migrating southward.
They seem to say, while chirping,
Winter is near, winter is near.

The Tunnels of Westover

By Mark Holt



ON the spacious lawns of Westover, an opening, hardly noticeable at first, is seen near the edge of the river. That seemingly unimportant opening is the outlet of a series of tunnels that connect the house and other vantage points on the estate.

The Indian is never thought of while touring the grounds and lovely gardens of this rural home, but in the day of Colonel William Byrd, the owner, the Indian was a serious menace to property and even life. The Colonel built a series of underground passage ways that thwarted even the wily "Red Man," and if the traveler today marvels at the foresight of our pioneering forefathers, how much more must the Indian have wondered where all the residents of the house disappeared on his arrival, unexpected as it might have been.

The tunnels weren't just dug underground but were lined with a secure wall of brick, and today they are in a wonderful state of preservation. Although the Indians and all the petty massacres that they contrived have long since vanished, the tunnels remain to recall to mind those days of constant warfare between the first settlers and the true owners of the New World.

The various outlets of the tunnels linked up various points about the grounds, and a surprise attack could be easily dealt with by ducking into a nearby tunnel. The well house—for every early plantation had one—was as innocent a structure as one could find, but once inside the aspect of the well changed. Instead of water we find a ladder descending into the well about twenty feet and more tunnels that go directly to the house.

Even the walls of the house were tunneled, and once inside the house one could travel from cellar to attic unnoticed and unheard. As cunning as the savage was, even he could not cope with the well laid schemes of Byrd.

We can add little to the words of the colored guide when he said, "Colonel Byrd was sho' one smaht man." Truly a system of tunnels as cleverly constructed and as well hidden as his is worthy of our highest comment.

Verses

By Starling Griffith

The Scientist

For years I've worked to gain the crown of fame,
To give the world a product of my hand
And gain for me the favor of the land
And have the world of men repeat my name.
So now I near the finish of the game,
Because the end of work is close at hand,
And I shall join the ranks of science's band
Of men who braved the fight and reached their aim.
But then this thought is pierced by duller dreams
Of men who died before they reached their goals,
Because of those who could not catch the gleams,
Nor would accept their brilliant minds and souls.
So I fear the world will say I have not won,
Because they understand not what I've done.

A Song to Fall

The squirrels are gathering in their food;
The birds all vainly search around,
To find the food they all must have
Beneath the leaves which cover the ground.

The flowers of summer are gone at last;
The fields of green are far behind me;
In meadows of brown with shocks of corn,
And vines of pumpkins you will find me.

So let us sing a joyful song
To praise the beauty of the fall,
And let us sing a song to God
For giving autumn to us all.

Mechanical Pencils

By Francis Wyatt



PERHAPS all of you have at one time or another owned one of those wonderful mechanical pencils: pencils which never need sharpening. Some people may class these pencils as a great invention, but in my humble opinion it is nothing short of a legal way to swindle people out of money. It makes me laugh to pick up a magazine showing a vividly colored illustration of the one mechanical pencil in the world whose leads can't slip because of some marvelous patented invention, an invention which approximately one hundred other concerns use. Maybe you laugh too when you see the picture of a man with a broad grin on his face who is telling the world that he wouldn't be without such and such a kind of pencil for anything. Anyway, the picture may be pretty, and the advertisement may be beneficial to the national work program because the company does pay the man who poses for the photograph. Now, I must warn you, you would-be posers, in the beginning that you must be very cautious when selecting the automatic pencil companies to pose for. Some of them would pay you by presenting you with the magnificent sum of one gross of pencils. That's one way they have of effectively getting rid of them.

To me, there is nothing so annoying as receiving a Christmas present which is wrapped up exquisitely and, upon opening it, finding a very sweet card from auntie and another mechanical pencil. Undoubtedly such a situation makes the blood boil, and perhaps the best thing to do in such a case is to begin negotiations with little brother in an attempt to trade off the pencil for a toy truck or anything else. Nothing could be more useless. In the event these negotiations fail, perhaps the best maneuver lies along the line of casually asking the donor of the gift what store it came from. If successful, you may be able to exchange it for some eye tweezers or a jumping jack. Usually these measures succeed, but if they fail you have only one other resort. Throw it in the trash can. Sometimes that works!

Now, unless my readers get the false impression that I am indirectly stating that mechanical pencils are absolutely no good, let me hasten to correct this. There is one time when the contraptions will work, and one time only. This time is the very time you don't need them. I remember, a long time ago before experience taught me this valuable lesson which I am attempting to convey to you, that I proudly exhibited to my classmates a beautiful new mechanical pencil. Oh! it was a wonderful affair, all painted up in gold streaks. It somewhat resembled a tiger. It had a place to store a whole box of leads and it actually had an eraser. I demon-

strated to my fellow students its ability to write quite as well as any other pencil, taking infinite care to show them correctly how to change the leads. (As if they didn't know!) All during the home room period it worked perfectly in the useless job of drawing pictures and scribbling. Then I went to a test in the first period. I sat down and chuckled to myself as I saw my poor unfortunate classmates file to the pencil sharpener. Then the test began. I wrote for about two minutes, in which time I had to keep turning the handle of the pencil to keep a point on the thing. It seemed that the point wore down an inch while I wrote one word. After the first two minutes, much to my dismay and delay, the first lead was used up. Of course, I couldn't stop to figure it up then, but later I discovered that I had used about one-eighth of an inch of lead to three words, or it was somewhere in that vicinity. This isn't a scientific article, so the actual figures really don't matter. I, muttering to myself half aloud, began operations to put a refill in the marvelous instrument, but my attack was considerably hindered by the fact that I could not pull the top of the pencil off to get the other leads. Somehow it had gotten wedged on. Finally, after exhausting all other methods, I resorted to holding the top of the pencil in my teeth and pulling the bottom out. It worked for me, but I might state here that if you hate to go to a dentist, don't try it. Well, I got the top off and stuck another refill in the thing, all the while being very careful not to put the top back on. Then I felt that my troubles were over and began writing again. This time I discovered, much to my chagrin, that this refill slipped. It actually wouldn't stay in the pencil. I tried it every way I could, pushing the lead in the pencil fast and then slowly. Then, turning the pesky little thing upside down, I repeated the process. It was of no avail. Naturally I concluded that it was the fault of the refill, and I again started to get out another one. Just as I had the lead container open, an insect which sounded like a fleet of Japanese war planes breezed around my head. For a moment I noticed it, and the insect apparently took it for granted that I was an intimate friend of his and promptly lighted on my nose. Impulsively I slapped at it, but it escaped and flew away. I sighed with satisfaction and settled back to my laborious task of making my mechanical pencil work, but my maneuvers were cut short when I saw, neatly deposited on the floor beside my seat, the remains of what was my lead. Honestly, my refills were broken in a thousand pieces, thereby rendering them useless for anything except the possibility of all of them being melted and made into one "B B" shot. Vainly did I search for one piece that I could use, but I might just as well have been searching for one special drop of water in New York's reservoir. I was plainly disgusted. There was nothing left to do except to borrow a regular pencil, and this I did. Perhaps it is needless to state how much I enjoyed finishing the test with a pencil whose lead didn't slip or wear out in two minutes. I had, however, practically decided to buy more re-

fills and to give the mechanical pencil another chance until I found out that I had lost the eraser too. Then the pencil's doom was sealed. I decided then and there to deposit the article in the waste basket. However, as you can see, it was a delicate procedure. Naturally, one must take care, in throwing away something of value, though I can't see to this day of what value a mechanical pencil is. As the final bell rang, I crept up to the trash basket. I watched carefully to see if anyone was looking, much in the manner of a criminal before he commits a crime. Then I pretended to drop the pencil accidentally in the basket, and I went out of the room smiling, feeling just as if I had done the world a great favor. My elation was suddenly brought down to earth with a bang when a classmate, whose face was wreathed in smiles, presented me with my pencil which he had seen me "accidentally" drop in the waste basket. I had the hardest time saying "Thank you" that I have ever had.

In conclusion, let me state that a profitable business might be a factory to destroy mechanical pencils. A good slogan would be, "Factory for Prevention of Cruelty to School Children."



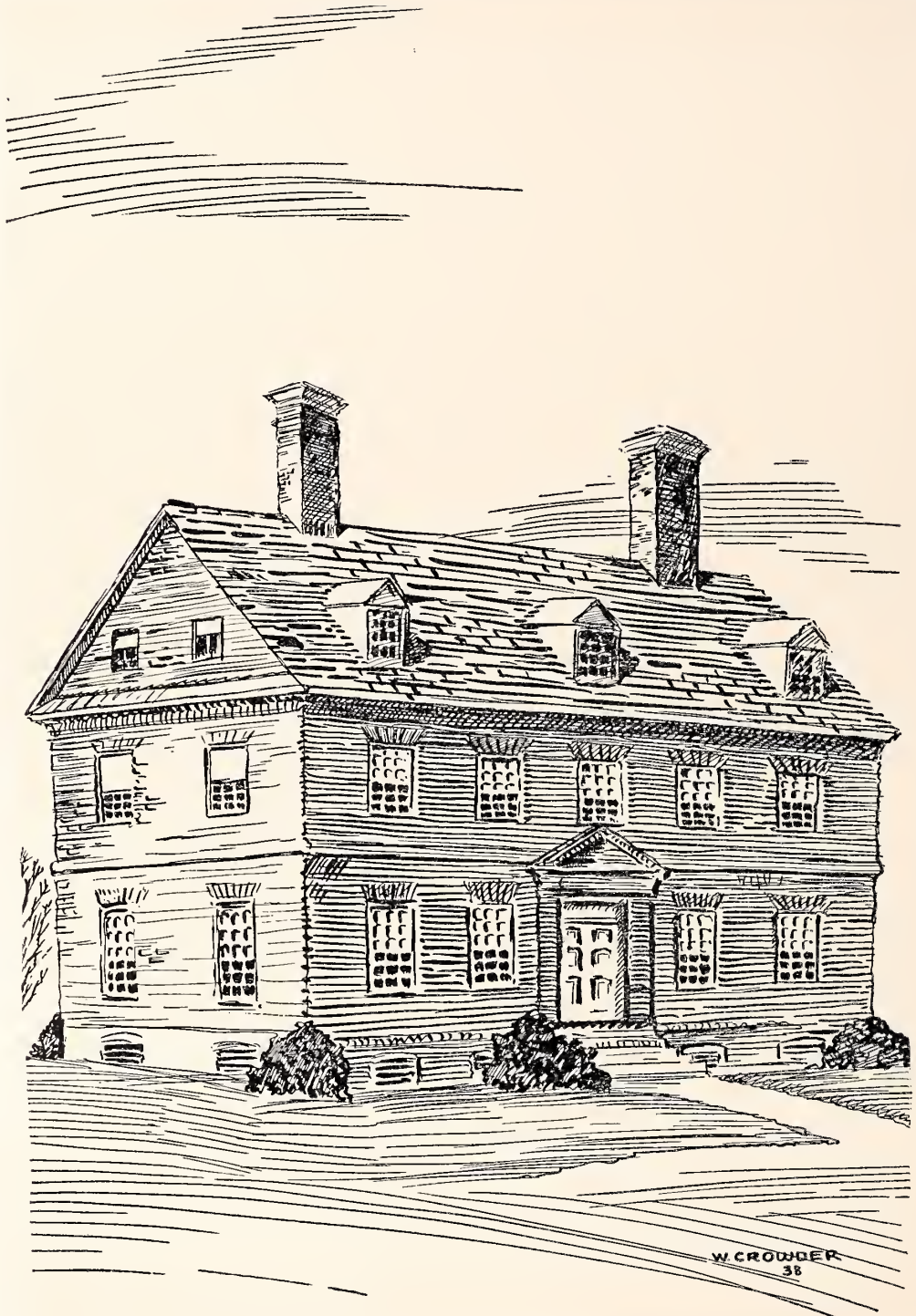
Spring

By John Jolly

The buzzing bees breeze through the summer air,
The cows and sheep graze in the meadows green,
The plough-boy glances o'er the fertile fields
And ponders o'er the beauty yet unseen,
While nature sings its song of hope and cheer.

The clover fields are ripe with blossom red,
The babbling brook—its course winds to the sea,
Birds in the tree-tops frolic to and fro,
And flowers bloom brightly o'er the verdant lea,
While nature sings its song of hope and cheer.

The winds of March and April's showers are o'er,
In God's outdoors the happy children play;
Around the May Pole now they dance and sing
To merry tunes and crown the Queen of May,
While nature sings its song of hope and cheer.



Berkeley

By Mary Ellen Williams



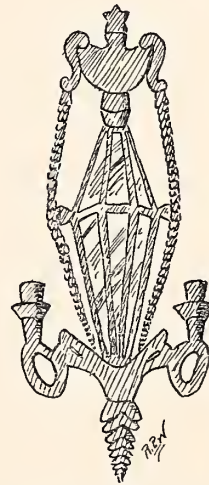
BERKELEY is one of the most beautiful colonial homes on the James River. Here have lived a signer of the Declaration of Independence and two presidents of the United States. Benjamin Harrison called it Berkeley when he built it in 1726, after the Berkeley company which had come from England in 1619. The builder of the house was the father of the Benjamin Harrison that we know as the signer of the Declaration of Independence. In 1773 William Henry Harrison, known in history for his victorious battle with the Indians at Tippecanoe, was born here. The other president was Benjamin Harrison, the great-grandson of Benjamin Harrison, the signer, and the grandson of William Henry Harrison. Although he was not born here, this became his home.

On first looking at the house, my eye was caught by the presence of so many windows, which, being white, were emphasized especially by the bright red bricks. The house was three stories high with two small buildings on each side, one being the laundry and kitchen and the other the bachelors' quarters. At both the back and front of the house two large white doors, with massive brass knobs, gave entrance to the house. Beautiful green shrubbery surrounded the house, and a lane led down to the river along which were still some of Anne Harrison's rose bushes.

On entering the house, my first impression was that it was very modern to have been built so long ago. After hearing the many things that this house had witnessed through so many different periods of history, I was no longer able to think of this. In the parlor one noticed the unusual and beautiful archways leading into the drawing room. How different they were from any I had seen before. There was none just like them in any of the other homes on the James.

I had never thought much about where the first Thanksgiving had been held as I had always been told that it was in the Plymouth Colony, Massachusetts. Our hostess told us that it had been held here in 1619 when there had been a settlement called Berkeley Hundreds. It was very interesting to me to think that the first Thanksgiving had really been held in Virginia.

How proud Benjamin Harrison must have been of his beautiful home; for in the drawing-room written in the plaster was the following inscrip-



tion: "B. Harrison, Esq." Even though he had written it there, he probably never thought it would be discovered and be seen by so many people.

Two things in the dining-room attracted my attention. One was a table, composed of five sections, of beautiful mahogany, which had come from Petersburg. The other was a corner cupboard which was very odd looking and quite old as one could see that it had been used very much. This also had come from Petersburg. From this room we saw the musicians' gallery on the platform of the steps. From here, music was probably often played for the Harrisons and George Washington, their frequent guest. Washington was a friend of Benjamin Harrison, the signer. Berkeley has always been known for its hospitality and is said to have entertained every president from Washington to Buchanan.

In the drawing room were two unusual looking lamps which had come from Westover. They were large at the top and formed a kind of point at the bottom, being very noticeable as one was on one side of the room and one on the other. There was also a table here and a bowl in the dining-room which had come from Westover.

It is said that President William Henry Harrison came back to his bedroom in this house to get his inspiration to write his inaugural address. How much this house must have meant to him!

On one side of the house, set in the brick, is seen a "B" with a heart and then an "A" and under it a date. This shows how proud Benjamin Harrison must have been of his marriage, for the "B" stands for Benjamin and the "A" for Anne, his wife.

About half way between the river and the home was a small house which was used as an ice house, but it is probable that it may have been used as a dwelling for Benjamin Harrison as it has a large fire place.

Indians! Indians! The shout is heard. The one place which afforded safety for the people was a hole in the side yard in which there was an underground room bricked in. Probably there was an entrance to this room from the house.

The house has witnessed fighting and war, for it was used as the headquarters of General McClellan during the War Between the States. For two months McClellan sent out from its walls orders and plans for the Battle of Malvern Hill. During this time many shots of guns and cannons were heard and a large hole was pierced through the laundry house; fortunately it was not through the main house. While the house was being used for this purpose, it was better known as Harrison's Landing.

It was hard to leave such a beautiful place and turn away my thoughts from so many unusual things.

The Dead Limb

By Ruth Kauffman



ARK DICKINSON dragged himself from under the wool covers of his old-fashioned four-poster bed, and disregarding the creaking of the same, sat shivering on its side. As the sun crept through a crack in the old blind, he stopped shivering and began pondering over the outlook on the day's labors. "Before May comes home, I must take that wool and have some blankets made. Let's see," he went on, "today's the fifteenth of November. She won't be home before the first of December. I'll have plenty of time for that later. Looks like favorable weather for sawing wood. That's my best bet, today," he said decidedly.

He then rose and found it easier to dress hurriedly in the cold than to make a fire in the antiquated iron stove for which his grandfather had traded a slave. "There's no one to use the fire after I go out, anyway," he mused to himself.

Dickinson stumbled downstairs, for the kitchen was in the basement, to try to assemble himself some breakfast. He had been a professor at a small college. Coming home every summer, he had managed the farm, while in the spring and fall his son Bill, with the assistance of some trustworthy colored people, looked after affairs. Now Bill had won a scholarship to college, and his wife was at present journeying to California to see his daughter married. Why should he continue teaching, now that his children were grown? Besides, he loved his old homestead; to tell the truth, he had never had any other home. Thus he had reasoned and this fall he had discontinued teaching and adopted farming as a means of livelihood in his semi-retirement.

"By Jupiter," he said aloud in disgust, "I certainly wish May would come home. This coffee tastes very bad. Guess I'll appreciate her more when she does come," he added.

After stacking up his dishes, he made his way to the granary by way of the grove. On into the sheep pasture he went, for the granary was there. How lazy and indolent the sheep appeared, trooping in small groups and often stumbling into one another. Usually they ran vigorous-



ly, waking the sleepy heads with the tinkling of their bells in their haste to satisfy their hunger. Maybe he had come earlier than usual this morning. Their short stubby tails had ceased to switch so enthusiastically, as they had in the summer. Anyway, there wasn't any time to lose if he was to saw wood today.

Letting himself through the old gate, he more keenly realized the unconsumed vim and vigor of his immediate surroundings, expressed by the idle rustle of dead leaves both above and below.

Just then the sun's beams struck him, and he imagined something which was very out of the ordinary for him—how he looked in the eyes of another, for he had had no human companionship for three weeks save the negroes on the hill. He ceased to walk as he imagined in his mind's eye how he looked. Certainly he was tall; there was no doubt about his being a six-footer. Indeed, he had never forgotten his military training when it came to posture. One thing about which he was very self-conscious—he was sure people often designated him by it—was his bald head, with the white frosting around the edges signifying that he was—well, let's see: fifty-seven when his oldest son died, sixty when Bill started to high school, and sixty-two when Margaret graduated, sixty-four-five-six—until age was just another thing which he had tried to forget, trying to remember only the better things in life.

As he looked up, he saw himself in the mirror as he thought others saw him. A tall, straight oak looked innocently at him. It was old and had seen its best days. Some of its hairs were strewn on the ground, patiently waiting for the others to join them. Its sap was almost gone. "Dust to dust," he thought. "I have been more handsome and had better times in my life, too. But there's life in the old boy yet! I've stopped working—farming is almost a hobby with me—I love it!"

He took a final glance at the tree and moved on. "Perchance I'm not truly comparable to that tree after all. There's a huge dead limb still clinging to its body. I'm as healthy as can be," he murmured sprightly and quickened his pace.

He forgot the lack of life and vigor surrounding him when the dogs came out to meet him. How warm was his reception! How close to them he seemed! Although he was a cultured gentleman, and was seldom bored in his solitude, still he felt, especially since he had been lacking companionship that there was some common relationship which existed between living creatures. He felt as if he was drawing from them some invigorating substance which enlightened his spirits. As he strode along, partly pushing the yapping pups from his path, the frost on the dried grass seemed to nip his fingers and toes; his blood began to surge and tingle. "I never felt better in my life!" he exclaimed gleefully and cast a contemptuous eye at the tree in the background. "What a day to go turkey hunting! But I

must saw that wood today," he added dejectedly after such a happy impulse, for he dearly loved turkey hunting. He reasoned again, "It won't take all day to saw that wood; at least I won't let it; I am going turkey hunting this evening."

He glanced up at the quaint old house; the huge chimney at one end of the house needed repairs. "I'll have to wait until I can get some assistance," he thought as he tried to make his duties comply with his hunting expedition. "Well, then," something inside of him seemed to say, "the railing around the porch needs mending dreadfully."

"True enough, but I have not the right materials," he retorted making way for the hunt.

"Third, always and always there are steps that need repairs and I've the material, too."

"Well," he puzzled, "repairs on the old place are like what Christ said about the poor, 'we have them with us always'. I may be a procrastinator, but I'm going hunting today," he resolved with determination.

With his eye fastened on a distinct goal, he worked vigorously and with as much growing enthusiasm as a thirteen-year-old boy anticipating his first turkey hunt. Therefore, getting the gasoline saw in order was only the matter of a few minutes with him.

All morning he kept the saw humming, but he was not so wrapped up in his work that he was not definitely aware when dinner time came. He had risen early, and his breakfast was not very filling. At twelve o'clock sharp, he stopped work. Going into the kitchen, he used the can-opener with a lavish hand. Usually after dinner he took a nap for an hour or two, but today he took out only time enough to clean, oil, and load his shotgun ready for the hunt. He was soon back to work with hope of finishing in half an hour.

His hope was upset by the arrival of a negro boy who wanted to borrow some tools which were out of place. After losing twenty minutes of his precious time, thoroughly peeved he set back to work. "Of all the times to come, he would choose one when I was busiest," he sputtered angrily.

Trying to control his anger, though it was being made worse by the knotty — — . Lo, he looked; it was too late! The unbelievable had happened. The blade was reeking with blood. Blood! Blood! Where did it come from? In wonder, he gazed about. His hand! Oh, his hand! It wasn't! It—it—.

Shocked beyond belief, he stood for a moment staring at the blank arm. Slowly regaining to some extent his normal mind, he cut the motor off and sped to the house. The blood came out in spurts each time his heart beat, gushing on him and dyeing crimson the path behind as he ran.

"A towel or something to tie around my arm to stop this terrifying gushing," he uttered, trying to think. He raced up the steps and into his room and snatched a towel, though not very clean—the least of his worries. Stumbling wildly to the back porch, he sat down and attempted to console himself and make the best use of the limited time. Possibly he would be able to drive his car. "The towel, fool," he rebuked himself, "or it'll be all over."

Holding one end between his knees and pulling with all the strength he could muster with his right hand (luckily it was the left that had been amputated) he managed to lessen the flow of blood. He could feel his vitality being lowered already, and the bleeding was far from being stopped. "To a doctor, to a doctor," something seemed to say. "Life or death, so here goes."

He walked as briskly as possible, without running, to the car shed which was in the grove. Looking about as a sort of farewell when he entered the garage, he noticed the old tree. "Oh, the dead limb," he said in a downcast tone; "I am certainly like that old tree now." With the utmost difficulty, he backed out his car. His arm had begun to hurt, throb, ache. He was becoming too weak for flight. It was ten miles to a doctor. He'd never make it. He'd rather die at home. He could take it; he was a man. He stopped the car and got out looking with pain at the horrid blood stains on it. Again he glanced at the dead limb. How he hated it!

He strode slowly on and put it all in the background. Thinking of his son and how he loved turkey hunting, he reproached himself, "Am I not being in some remote way—a coward? My life does not belong only to me. There are others who love," he went on thoughtfully. "How selfish I have been not considering anyone but myself! May! What would she do without me? It would spoil her trip; it would ruin everything. I must—I must make one final effort or die trying."

He began walking faster; he almost ran. "As long as there's life, there's hope," he encouraged himself. Up the long steps and into the house, he ran. He was a crack shot! He picked up his shotgun and moved quickly to the back porch where he cocked it. Sitting on a bench at the end of the porch and leaning over the railing, he steadied his nerves and his gun.

Then with a purposeful determination and with a prayer, he took careful aim. The crack of his old gun broke the silence, immediately followed by the stinging impact of hot lead on a rusty old bell.

His faith was evidently well founded, for in a few minutes a faithful old negro entered the gate with a questioning countenance.

"Hurry!" cried Mark, as he stumbled out to meet him.

The negro was terrified at the sight of so much blood, but obeyed so swiftly the command of his superior that the loss of blood was almost com-

pletely terminated in half an hour; however, Mark did not know when it stopped. It was not until the next day that he regained consciousness.

Lying on a hospital cot, his attempt at recalling what had happened the previous day was interrupted by the kindly voice of his faithful friend, "Is you a' right, Mas'er? I knowed you'd come thru; I done my best fer ya'."



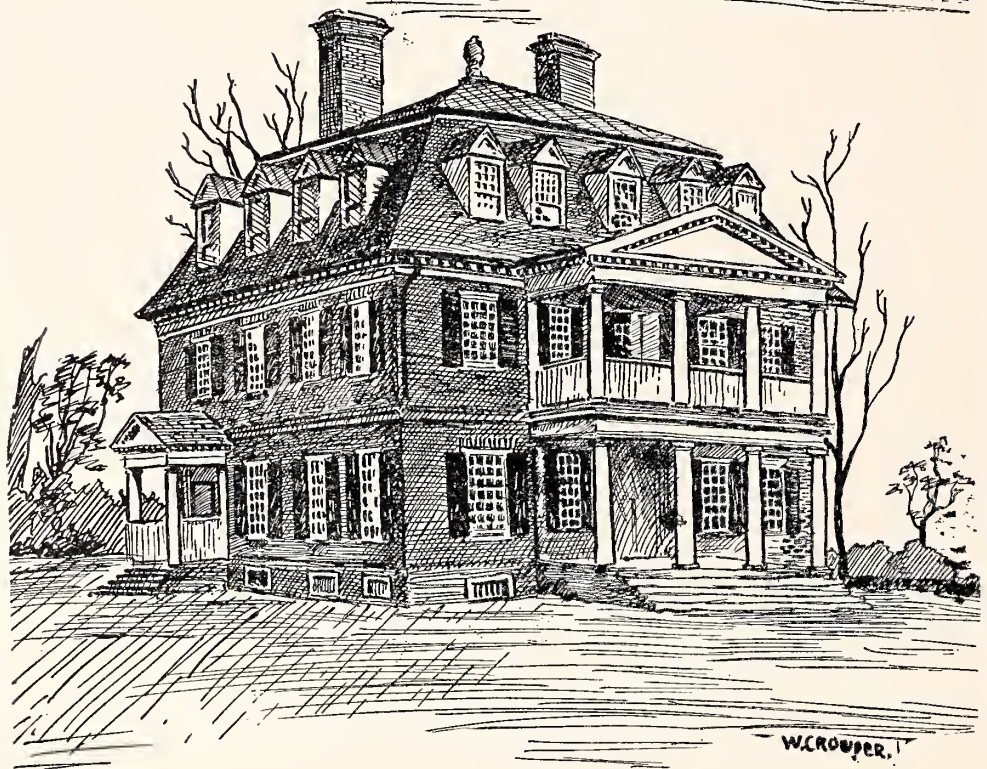
Life

By Rennie Arnold, Jr.

In birth I'm a spring, in the bowels of the earth
Then seeping through crevice, I climb to the top
To fall and to rise o'er hill and dale
Like time itself which nothing can stop.

Then soon I grow, to become deep and wide,
Powerful, mighty, unbending in will;
I go on and on, like the wisdom of God,
Till at end of my journey I'm sluggish and still.

And then with a roar I awake with life
To dash and pound, with the change of the tide,
Gleaming in sun, sparkling at night,
Then back to the earth in silence I glide.



Shirley

By Billy Beachy



ANY are the times that I have admired those old plantations along the James River. However, the one that especially seemed to catch my eye was "Shirley." It stands so tall and majestic, surrounded by those large old trees.

Then my chance came to go through this old home.

When our party entered its grounds, my mind seemed to wander off, and I felt as if I were going back into the old colonial days. "Shirley" with its large green lawns and huge trees is certainly a painter's dream.

I have never been a critic on gardens, but after our little party had gone through "Shirley's" garden, I was overwhelmed by the beauty of it. It was an informal garden with large boxwoods, old-fashioned shrubs and flowers, many of which I have never seen or heard of before. In fact, "Shirley's" garden is a perfect paradise for two lovers on a moonlight night.

As we came back to the house from the garden I circled around to the river side of the house to get a view of it from that angle. It is a tall brick building with two large front porches, an upper and a lower. I then noticed, too, that it was the tallest home of all those old plantations on the James. It stands three stories high with eighteen dormer windows on the top floor. And while I stood admiring two very tall chimneys, I noticed on the very center of the roof a large white, stone pineapple, which, I learned, was a sign of welcome. Sir Thomas Dale, the governor of Virginia Colony, must have been a lover of beautiful homes, for he is the one who laid out the plans and named the plantation back in 1611. "Shirley", in 1660, was granted to Colonel Edward Hill, a member of the House of Burgesses. Later, through marriage, it went into the hands of the Carter family; and so, after about two generations, Anne Carter married "Light Horse" Harry Lee. They were the mother and father of our great general, Robert E. Lee.

Well, let's get back to the house. We entered into the large square hall. I first noticed an old and beautifully carved stairway with its hanging platform. I was told that it is the only staircase of its kind in America, and I truly believe so.

As I turned from the staircase to go through the door into the parlor, I found myself standing face to face with the portrait of old Colonel Edward Hill himself. It was then that I noticed that there were large portraits of all the members of the families on every wall. Then I continued my way into the parlor. In it there was a large open fireplace with odd designing around it carved in the stone. I have often heard of this fire-

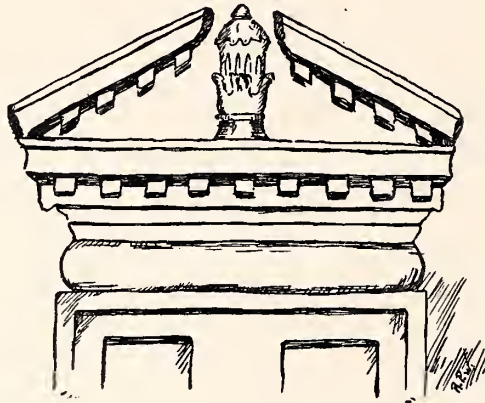
place and the large life-size portrait of George Washington, which, by the way, is not there now, as it has been removed to Williamsburg. This portrait, by Charles W. Peale, had hung in this place for more than one hundred and thirty years.

Everything was so old: all the chairs, the old wine box by the door, the two old rusty flintlock pistols on a side table, and, in a corner, a tall grandfather clock which runs today.

While going into the next room, I noticed that all the transoms above the doors were of different designs, which are supposed to have some hidden meaning.

Shirley today has its original silver, portraits and even its original woodwork.

As we left this old plantation, I no longer wondered why General Lee had made one of his many references to "Shirley": "I wanted to pass one day at Shirley. I have not been there for ten years. It was the loved home of my mother and a spot where I have passed many happy days in early life, and one that probably I may never visit again."



The Yank Returned

By Lois Sandler

IT WAS quiet, and the full moon shone brightly on the plantation, making the trees and shrubbery cast weird shadows on the mansion settled in its atmosphere of dignity. It was three stories high, with dormer windows all around and a double porch in the front. As the moon made the whole out-of-doors light, one could see the garden with its old-fashioned flowers, box bushes and shrubs. This was Shirley on the James in the year 1864.



In the room leading to the terrace, there still remained a small candle light. It was the room of Joanne, the beautiful daughter of Doctor Carter. He had been crippled and was therefore unable to take part in the War between the States. She had been reading by her desk by dim candle-light. Now she was staring into space, wondering when this horrible war would end which deprived her of the ones she loved best—her two brothers, who had been gone from home for three years and whom she had not seen for seven months. There had been no good times for the young ones at home for oh, so long, and everyone had to be so careful about the amount of food, clothing, and almost everything else one used.

She sat there ready for bed, her long thick wavy brown hair divided into two braids down her back, her elbows on the desk, her chin in her hands, deep in meditation. Her eyes were of the deepest blue, and the thick brown lashes swept her fair skin and cast faint shadows on her cheeks. Her smooth red lips covered a set of shapely white teeth.

All was tranquil until she heard a faint scrape on the side of the house. She stiffened, then relaxed, thinking that it must be the wind, one of her dogs knocking something over, or something else. Then she heard more scraping sounds, as if an attempt were being made by someone to climb up the double front porch. She put out the light, then ran to the terrace and looked down. She could see plainly a man below trying to climb up to the top porch where the light had shone through. Her heart skipped a beat when she thought this might be her brother, David, who had re-

ceived leave from his position in the army of the South to come home for a few days.

"Oh, won't mother and father be happy when they see David!" she thought as she ran down the stairs to the front door. She threw open the front door and saw the man half stagger to her. She gasped when she saw that he was a Union officer, and almost screamed, but he took a step forward and with pleading voice and despair in his eyes, said, "Please, Miss, don't tell anyone I'm here. I won't bother any one or anything—I just want some bread and water, if you wouldn't mind."

Before Joanne had a chance to answer him, she heard her father's voice calling, "Jo, is that you down stairs? What are you doing up so late?"

She managed to gulp an answer and replied, "Uh—I couldn't sleep, father, so I came down to get a little water and walk around a bit!"

"Well," he said in a sleepy voice, "hurry and go back to your room. That night air will give you a cold."

"Yes, father," she added, "in a little while."

Then she looked at the young man before her and noticed that there was blood on his shoulder.

"Why, you're wounded!" she exclaimed. She was torn between duty to the sick and faithfulness to the Cause, uncertain whether to help this young Union officer or call her father and tell him all that had happened.

Then she saw him sway as if he were about to fall, and promised herself that she would help him. She remembered that maybe David or Charles, her brothers, might need help some day, and she would hate for them to have to be hungry, wounded, and thirsty, away from their loved ones and with no one to care for them.

She placed her forefinger to her lips, signaling him to be quiet and beckoned to him to follow her. The small building behind the big house held the food store, and Joanne selected from her set of keys a long slender key which fitted the door. She whispered to him to come in and sit down, and he followed her and then shut the door. She reached for the tallow candle on a shelf and lighted it, making a dim light. She looked at him and she could see hunger, pain, and fatigue written in his face.

There was a fireplace there, and she took a pot and filled it with water and then said, "Now, I'll heat some soup for you and some of this corn-bread. That will give you a start." She paused. Then she continued, "Why did you come here alone? And for heaven's sake, how did you receive that horrible wound?"

She bent over to look at the wound, then turned to listen to his answer. He replied, "There's not much to tell. I got lost from my cavalry troop, and was spotted by two Rebels—uh, I mean Confederates. They killed

my horse and almost killed me. I managed to get down here somehow. Then I saw the light at the wondow upstairs and thought maybe—”

“Well, don’t worry—at least for the moment. But you’ll have to stay hidden until your wound is better. Well, I’ll clean it and dress it right now. You know, father is a doctor, and I know a little about medicine. I’ll have this fixed up in a jiffy.” When she had treated his wound, she gave him the warm soup and corn bread. The whole time he had been quiet, watching her as she worked. Then he broke the silence saying, “You know it’s awfully late, don’t you?”

Joanne went right on cleaning the room and making it look as it had before. She answered, “Yes, but these things have to be done, haven’t they? By the way, you never told me your name.”

Then he said, “Gilbert Elliott.” Silence again. “What will you say when the soldiers who saw me come looking for me tomorrow?”

Her face clouded for a moment; then she asked, “You know they’re on your trail?”

“Yes, they almost got me about five miles from here, but I hid again. I’m sure they’ll be along this way. Anyhow, you had better go in,” he said with a faint smile. “It’s been an hour already since we have been here.”

“All right, I’m going, but I’ll have to think of a good place for you to stay.” She thought for a moment, then finished, “Oh, I know! Go through the side door into the house and down to the basement. I’ll see you again tomorrow early in the morning. Be very quiet, because the darkies stand around that door sometimes. Here’s the key, and good night.”

“Good night,” he said, and continued in a husky voice, “and I don’t know how to thank you.”

She blew out the candle and tiptoed quietly out, locking the door behind her. She left him, after he had opened the door to the basement, and ran to the front of the house. Then she opened and closed the door silently, hurried up to her room, and shut the door. When she had come to the quiet seclusion of her room, she realized all that had happened that night. She thought how shocked her parents would be to know that a Yankee was under their very roof! She fell asleep thinking of the tall blond Yankee man, who was extremely handsome.

The sun shining through her windows wakened Joanne early the next morning. She lay there, half asleep, and then suddenly sat up in bed, remembering the preceding night. She hastily dressed and ran downstairs to eat. She went into the dining-room with the life-size picture of George Washington in it, the carved woodwork, and figures of carved pineapples, symbolizing welcome. She greeted her parents with a pleasant “Good morning,” and proceeded to eat her breakfast. She had a napkin in her lap and continued to fill it with different things which she pretended to

eat. She quickly excused herself, and said she was going to sit under a tree and read. Then she ran outside, looked to see if any of the servants were around, and then gave three taps on the basement window. In a while she heard three answering taps and waited for the door to open. In a minute or two it did, and she hurried in, quickly closing it after her.

"Good morning," she said; "feeling better?"

"Oh, a good deal, Miss Joanne," he replied.

"This will make you feel even better," she said, giving him the food in the napkin, "and by the way, just call me Jo."

"I can surely use this, Jo," he remarked, beginning on one of the warm brown rolls. When he finished, they began discussing the cruelties of war, their opinions of them and other things.

Then Joanne said she must go, reminding him to be quiet. As she left, her heart beat faster, for she discovered that she loved this man, and yet told herself over and over that she mustn't. Why, she couldn't even introduce him to her parents, and then to think that she loved him. But she did, she was sure of it. She was awakened from these thoughts when she heard the sound of horses' hoofs. She ran to the front of the house and saw seven Confederate soldiers dismount and go up the broad lawn to the front door. "They're looking for Gilbert!" she thought. She waited a minute and heard them ask one of the darkies who came to the door if a Yankee soldier was on their premises. Then they went into the house to search.

She quickly ran back to the basement door, gave three taps and was admitted. She was out of breath, but managed to say, "Oh, Gilbert, they're after you! Seven men are searching the house this very minute. Listen carefully. Go down to the bottom of the hill, get one of the horses there, and ride away as fast as you can. And, for goodness sake, be careful of your shoulder."

He looked down at her, then kissed her lightly and tenderly on her forehead, and said, "I'll be back, Jo. Wait for me. Maybe not today or tomorrow, but after the war, when all of us believe the same things, and all will be friends. I love you, Jo."

He kissed her again and left. She heard the men coming around the side of the house and hurried to go out. She nonchalantly walked around to the front the other way. She wiped the tear that was on her eye which she had held back till he had gone; then she sat under the willow tree with her book. The soldiers left soon, and all was quiet again.

* * * *

The years had fled by quickly for Joanne. Her hair was gray at her temples, but she had remained beautiful through all her troubles. Her parents were both dead, and her brother, David, had been killed in the war.

Now Richard and his wife lived at Shirley with her, for she had never married during these twenty years.

She was sitting under the same willow tree reading when a carriage drove up. She strained her eyes to see who it was. Then her eyes opened wide with amazement, and she exclaimed, "Gilbert!"

Joanne ran to him and they embraced. Then he said, "You've waited for me, haven't you, Jo? Oh, I've been pondering whether to come or not. You see, I can't walk without these," he said, showing her a pair of crutches. "I didn't know whether you would want a broken up old man with one leg. But I couldn't stay away any longer. Will you have me, Jo?"

There were tears in their eyes, and they went over and sat by the trees. The sun went down with gorgeous shades of azure and vermillion on these two happy people.



Breakers

By J. B. Jackson, Jr.

Again the mighty captain hurls his men
Against the stalwart fort upon the cliff;
The charge fails and the line begins to bend,
And rushes back to try and try again;
Again they fail but ever try once more.

Sometimes they win a little victory,
Down comes a piece of fort into their midst;
It's gobbled by the hungry soldiers there;
They never leave the battle even to eat,
But try again and try with all their might.

Radio At Its Worst

By Hilah Lee Parks



OFTEN wonder what a caveman would think of a radio. Probably his first, last, and best impulse would be to smash it to bits with his club. Civilized as this world is supposed to be, I know from experience that a radio can make a barbarian out of anyone; that is—a radio at its worst. Now, I know music soothes the savage beast and all such tommyrot, but that depends on the time, place, and source of the melodies. For one thing, any time a string ensemble comes over the air waves, my blood begins to boil. Nothing grates on my nerves more than a violin. The only time violins are ever played right is when Russ Morgan's orchestra plays a piece.

As luck will have it, or perhaps it's the fault of the infernal radio, just as I'm listening to Russ play "So Help Me," our exasperating apparatus will begin its spasmodic fading. It makes you think of air waves and aerals and what could be wrong with the abominable thing this time.

Of course, the weather may be blamed for several of the radio's ailments. If it's raining or even cloudy, you can hear the most "gosh awful" noises with every twist of the dial, and some stations become impossible to pick up.

Ten to one, I drive the neighbors crazy when Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey come on. I'm so afraid I'll miss one little note that I turn the radio a little louder than is exactly necessary. I ease my conscience, though, by speculating on the neighbors' noisy parties that go on into the wee hours of the night. Sometimes, however, those late shindigs aren't half bad. If they turn their radios on, I'm serenaded by the latest Irving Berlin song or one of Duke Ellington's pieces. The best orchestras come on late at night. The only trouble is that halfway through a program, I'm asleep, only to be rudely interrupted by someone having a mild fit of hysteria at a joke cracked most likely by the life of the party.

Music before you go to bed and music when you get up will leave a song in your heart to last the whole day through. There are some very good musical programs that come on early in the morning that will help you dress for work or school, or if you're lucky, a day of laziness. Never will I forget the time I spent the week-end with a friend; every one—mother, father, brother and cook—wouldn't think of missing one of about ten serials that come on every morning. Radio serials are one of my pet aversions, but just one type of program that irritates me. To me, nothing can be worse than a program of nothing but speeches unless it's one of hill-billy music or cowboy yodeling, where they beat on tin wash boards or sing through their noses.

Have you ever tried about fifteen different stations only to find that

about ten have the same dull program and the rest are speeches or some opera star "ah-ahing" to the accompaniment of a seventy-piece concert band; and have you tried really to concentrate on the dull program because the announcer said it was being given to bring more culture into the home? If you have, you'll find that the only way to keep a cool head is to turn the dial off and shift your mind to counting the flowers on the wallpaper or some such entertaining pastime.

I get more pleasure out of a good musical program than I do from one crowded with comedians or from one presenting the most sensational movie stars in their version of such and such a play. True to nature, though, I'll find I have two stations on at the same time or that two good programs' broadcasting times coincide. When there is a European crisis or an election to be commented on, my favorite pieces will be interrupted by some very excited news reporter who is only too willing to bring me the latest results.

As if my patience hasn't been tried enough for one day, I will settle down to a clear station with a good program only to discover that some one in the apartment above wants to listen to Amos and Andy and has to turn it up loud so she can hear it way back in the kitchen where she is washing the supper dishes.

After all my lamentations I know I've still retained my sense of humor when I can laugh at a presentation of the "Volga Boatmen" by a well-known concert orchestra.

With all its quirks I'd be lost without a radio. It "sorta" makes you feel as if you're a part of things.



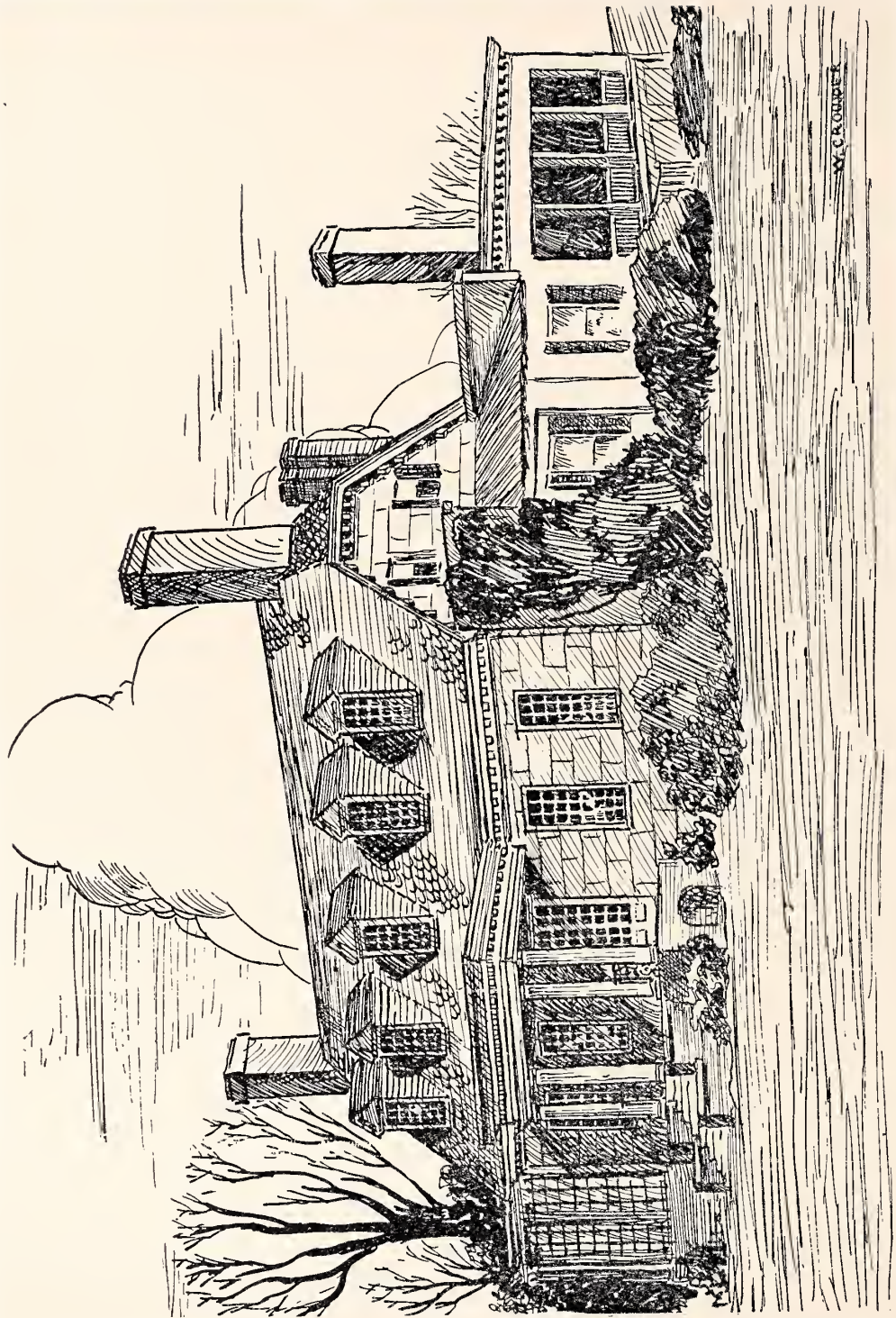
Night Work

By Catherine A. Williams

Oft, as I lie, not closing an eye,
Trying in vain to sleep,
I hear from afar a train in the night,
Pulling a grade too steep.

It snorts and roars like a maddened bull
Facing a matador,
And hisses, angry with its load
Heavier than before.

But soon the clanging bells ring out,
And shrieking whistles scream;
The engine rumbles in content,
And I am free to dream.



Claremont Manor

By Marjorie E. Wilkinson



COULD SEE in the distance the red T-shaped roof screened by trees, and I knew that the home we were approaching was Claremont. We drove up the beautiful drive and through the large gates with urns on the two gate posts. "The urns signified," said Mrs. Cocke, our charming hostess, "that this was a manor house."

How I longed to be visiting this old home in the "old days" when thousands of slaves tilled the soil rather than now when the land grant of twelve thousand acres, the greatest holding of any part of Tidewater, had dwindled down to about three hundred acres of land.

"I suppose you know," said Mrs. Cocke, "that Colonel Allen built the house around 1650. He and his brother were very much in love with a high born English lady. Eric won the hand of the lady but on his wedding night was fatally stabbed by his brother Arthur, who fled from England and, taking the name of Arthur Allen, set up his home here at Claremont Manor."

The house was enlarged by Arthur Allen II who was a speaker of the House of Burgesses in 1668.

The servants' quarters, bakery, smokehouse, spinning house, and kitchen are all connected and are built of the same grey English bricks as the house.

Mrs. Cocke led us into the beautiful gardens for which Claremont is so well known. These gardens must have been breath-taking in the spring since even now, with only a few late fall flowers blooming, such as chrysanthemums and verbenas, it was so beautiful. Mrs. Cocke said that the many colors of tulips were especially pretty in the spring.

I would often stand still for a moment taking in the whole atmosphere of this simple yet charming house and its wooded grounds and beautiful gardens.

"My heavens, what's this strange looking contraption?" I asked, coming upon a round hoop with an arrow through it.

"Oh, that's a sundial that Bismarck gave to one of the Kaiser's sons," answered Mrs. Cocke.

"Look at that statue over there," I called to my group who were trying, like me, to take in everything, not letting a single thing escape our observant eyes. I wondered if it was the statue of any particular person. Mrs. Cocke told us that it was the statue of Saint Francis, the patron saint of birds and flowers.

"You don't mean it's carved from wood?" I asked, going nearer to

examine it more closely. None of our group could imagine that anything could be carved so perfectly from wood.

"Poor lady," I thought; "she must be awfully tired of answering my thousands of questions: 'What's that?' 'Oh, is that a fig tree?' 'Is this original?'" After all, though, you have to ask questions to find out anything.

The garden path led to a platform down by the river, and here we viewed the peaceful James. Looking up toward the house we saw that it was covered with ivy and gave the appearance of great age. There were three circular drives down to the road which had in the colonial days run along the side of the James River but now existed no longer. There were many kinds of trees and shrubs on the lawn such as linden, pine, cucumber, and holly trees. There were also several bushes of poets' laurel.

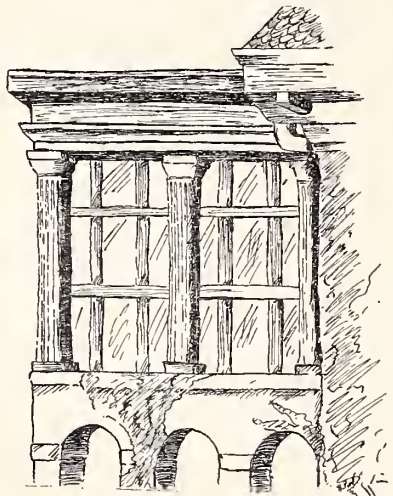
Mrs. Cocke asked if any of us knew why the black was on the chimney. There were several "guesses", but none was correct. The black, she said, signified that the people living in this house were Tories.

"We'll go into the house through the back way," Mrs. Cocke said, and I almost cried out in joy, for none of us had expected to go inside the house. We went into a small room with beautifully carved woodwork. In a corner sat an old desk which we were told was given to the first chaplain of the United States Senate by George Washington.

George Washington and all the presidents prior to the Civil War visited here, and Edgar Allan Poe was a frequent guest in the home.

How simple is this home in contrast with some of the other colonial homes along the James River and yet how beautiful and charming.

The parlor with its large fireplace, such as most of the old homes had, the Louis XIV chairs, and the dim light in the room gave you the feeling of utter peace. The old staircase was beautifully carved of pine and had several landings before it reached the second floor.



"Did you ever!" I exclaimed as we went into one of the bedrooms. "Look at that paneling with its combination of woods—light and dark. Now that's something different and quite attractive too." Mrs. Cocke told us that the picture over the mantel was the marriage of Pocahontas.

After a while we went down some steps into what I thought would be a very dark and gloomy basement. Instead I saw the most attractive rooms that I had ever seen. One of the rooms

was furnished with colonial furniture. One thing especially caught my eye in this room. It was an old chest decorated with different figures, and on each side it had several initials. Mrs. Cocke told us that it was an old Dutch marriage chest. The letters, she explained, were the initials of the bride and groom.

In the basement was a large fireplace in which, I learned, was a pit where the family jewels were hidden. I remembered also our guide having said that there was an underground bricked passage to the river used as a way of escape during the Indian days.

The other room in the basement was a dining-room. This room was entirely new and its designer won the Metropolitan prize the year he designed this room. The woodwork was done by machine, but it was just as beautiful as that which in other parts of the house had been carved by hand. On the wall hung an old clock which had been brought from Austria. The clock was in the shape of a shield with an eagle perched on it. This dining-room, although it was modern and had no historical significance, was to me the most beautiful room in the house.

We piled into cars and left several minutes later. Looking back up the long driveway as we drove away, I took a last glimpse of the peaceful old home of Arthur Allen in its beautiful wooded grove and knew that I had seen something that I would remember forever.



To Claremont Manor

By Mark Holt

In times of old when all the land was wild,
You lived in all the splendor of the day;
With awe you smote all those who came your way
By all the arts of fashion none too mild.
Arrayed in mother's clothes you were a child
Alone in a land of fear and much dismay;
In your large scope of wealth and proud display
You prospered and the face of fortune smiled.
No longer mighty monarch of the land,
Your fields and widespread realms have passed away,
And all alone with acres few you stand
To bear the witness of a former day.
You only live to tell a saddened story
Of olden days and fast decline of glory.

Glimpses

By Edsel Ford

A Breeze

Over the marsh comes a wandering breeze,
It flirts with the cat-tails and laughs in the trees;
Whispers in bog-grass, whistles in reeds,
Sighs among lily-pads, romps in the weeds.

It caresses the blooms on the heather bush,
Dishevels the petals—a soft, playful push;
Then back to the marsh—to the cat-tails and reeds,
To whisper and whistle and romp in the weeds.

The Eagle

A plunging form, a screaming cry,
The eagle flashes from the sky,
And spreads his lofty wings to glide
Above the mountain's rocky side.

He scans the ground with searching stare
For feeding fowl, or sleeping hare;
Then sights the prey and silent drops
From dizzy heights to tall tree-tops.

While perched upon a ragged crag,
His mate, alike a homely hag,
With ruffled feathers, dirty grey,
Awaits her portion of the prey.

Amateur Set

By Dan Caldwell

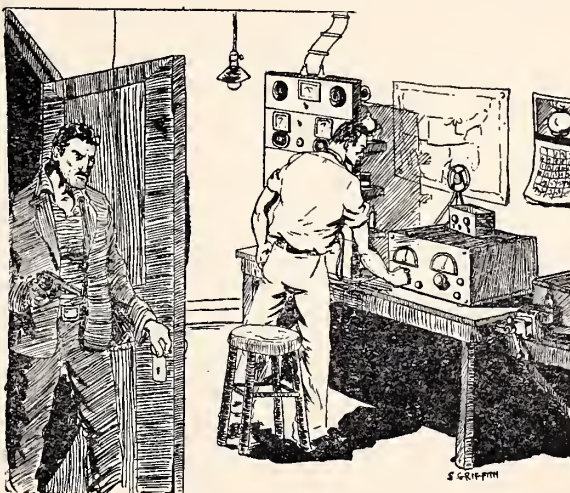


RANKLIN T. SAMUELS sat moodily in his chair. He was supposed to be reading the evening paper, but he was only peering into a blank void beyond. Suddenly he brought himself back to this world. He blinked his eyes as he squinted through his glasses at the day's news. Hm-m. War clouds in Europe—new district attorney elected—richest girl in the world marries—escaped convict—\$5,000 reward. He opened his eyes—he could use \$5,000. He gently laid his paper aside. Yes, he could use that all right, for his note was due in two weeks and he was lacking about \$200. That wasn't much, but a lot to him. He picked up some bills beside him—water, gas, coal, grocery, electric. Say, wait a minute; that electric bill was a lot higher. He hadn't used that much even with his amateur sending station.

No, that was his pet, he thought. That was the only thing in the world that meant anything to him really. He had saved and scraped together everything he could to put into this. And labored

too; that was what this note was due at the bank for. He had started some years before when one of his fellow employees had told him about a friend of his having a station. He had immediately gotten interested in it. It had proved to be a real hobby and he had made a lot of friends with it all over the United States. There was one who lived in the same city, and they got together a lot, on the air, of course. His name was Miller, and he lived on the other side of New York, but after all that was a pretty big city. They had planned to get together, but had never done it though they talked to each other nightly.

It was about time to send him a call now. He hurried to his other room and sat down proudly in front of his broadcasting set. He still wondered what had caused his electric bill to go up—probably a leakage somewhere. He would have to see about that. When he started to turn the switch on he discovered it already on. That was funny; he always made



sure he turned it off. Maybe this was the cause of his bill. He turned it off and watched slowly. After five minutes the switch gradually turned back on. So that was it—the switch slipped! He turned it off again and started to work on his set. He had scarcely started when a noise from the other room made him look up. A man had rushed into the room and locked the door behind him.

"Wait a minute! You can't come in here. These are my rooms," blurted out Franklin T. Samuels.

"Get those hands up, buddy," said the large man, who now turned around and pointed a large gun at Mr. Samuels.

Now Mr. Franklin T. Samuels ordinarily wasn't a coward, but when he was confronted with a large man who could easily beat the very life out of his small frail body, and then too had a gun, that was different. He obediently raised his hands.

"But I still say it's not right for you to come into my private quarters and point a weapon at me," protested Mr. Samuels.

"You just do what I say and you'll be all right," grumbled the man in a very gruff voice. "Now, foist of all, I want you to hide me until the bulls get off my trail."

"Until the bulls get off your trail?"

"Yeah, stupid, the coppers is after me. I just want youse to hide me until they go and then it'll be okay. Understand?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Samuels in his precise voice.

The large man started for the back room.

"I'll just hide in here until the coppers go. They's in this joint now."

"But what if they find you here?" protested Mr. Samuels.

"They won't if you just do what I tell you," said the man still pointing his gun at Mr. Samuels. "Just tell dem that you ain't seen nutting of me; understand?"

Just at that moment a brisk knock was heard at the door. The invader disappeared behind a curtain in the back room.

"Remember I've got youse covered; one false move and I'll see that you get yours."

The knock was repeated.

"Open this door or we'll break it down."

"I'm coming," said Mr. Samuels desperately trying to remember what he had been told.

With nervous fingers he undid the night lock. Looking out he saw a number of blue-coated policemen. They pushed by him.

"Why, it's Mr. Samuels," said the leader. "Wait a minute, men, he's

all right. By the way, you haven't seen anything of a large man lurking around here, have you?"

"Wh—y no," said Mr. Samuels. "Of course not."

"That's all we wanted. He's an escaped convict. It's reported he's around here somewhere," said the captain. "Sorry we bothered you. Good-night, Mr. Samuels."

As they closed the door Mr. Samuels let out a sigh of relief and turned around.

"That was okay, buddy," said the convict stepping forth. "But if you had made one false move I'd have plugged you right through the back."

Mr. Franklin T. Samuels shuddered as he thought what might have happened if those men had searched the rooms.

"Now, I'll just take some money as a gift and scram," laughed the convict at his own joke.

"Oh, please don't," pleaded Mr. Samuels. "I didn't let them find you, did I?"

"It wasn't your fault they didn't."

"But please, I have a lot of bills to pay and I'm in debt now," said Mr. Samuels with a look that would melt a lion's heart.

"Out of my way; I'll find it if you don't show it to me."

"Please, please," said Mr. Samuels as he stepped in front of him.

"Oh, so you're going to get tough about it, huh? Take dat!" He hit Mr. Samuels squarely on the chin and promptly knocked him down.

At that moment the door burst open. In it stood bluecoats, a very welcome sight indeed, and on every hand was a gun pointing at the convict.

"All right, Johnson, your time's up."

The convict looked at them in blank amazement.

"Drop that gun, if you want to stay healthy."

Several officers marched up and carried him out.

Mr. Franklin T. Samuels looked up from the floor in blank amazement.

"How in the world did you decide to come back up here?" he questioned, adjusting his glasses.

"We didn't; we were ordered."

"You were ordered to my room?"

"Yeah, you see it was like this. We had been all over this building and the others in this block looking for Johnson. We couldn't find him, so we went back to the squad car. We were just about ready to leave when a message came in over the short wave. A guy named Mickels had phoned up headquarters and said you was being held prisoner in your room at this address. He said your two-way amateur station had been on and he had heard everything. So he phoned headquarters."

"But it wasn't on. I had just turned it off before he came in." Suddenly a thought came to him. He hurried to the back room. Yes, there was the switch he hadn't fixed. It had slipped back on after he had carefully turned it off.

"By the way," said the captain, "you might stop down at headquarters in the morning and collect your \$5,000 for the reward money."

But suddenly he was addressing an unconscious man: Franklin T. Samuels, lying on the floor, dreaming of his bills paid, his note met, and, best of all, of new equipment for his amateur set.



The Wind

By Mildred Savory

As I lie in bed at night and hear
The wind's low, mournful sound,
It sings a song so sad and queer
Beneath a moon so round.

It rustles the leaves and plays in the eaves
And groans and murmurs low,
And then it seems that it conceives
A tale of grief and woe.

Then for a while it quiets down
And whistles very low
As if to sing a lullaby;
Then off to sleep I go.

On Baking a Cake

By Betty Ferrell

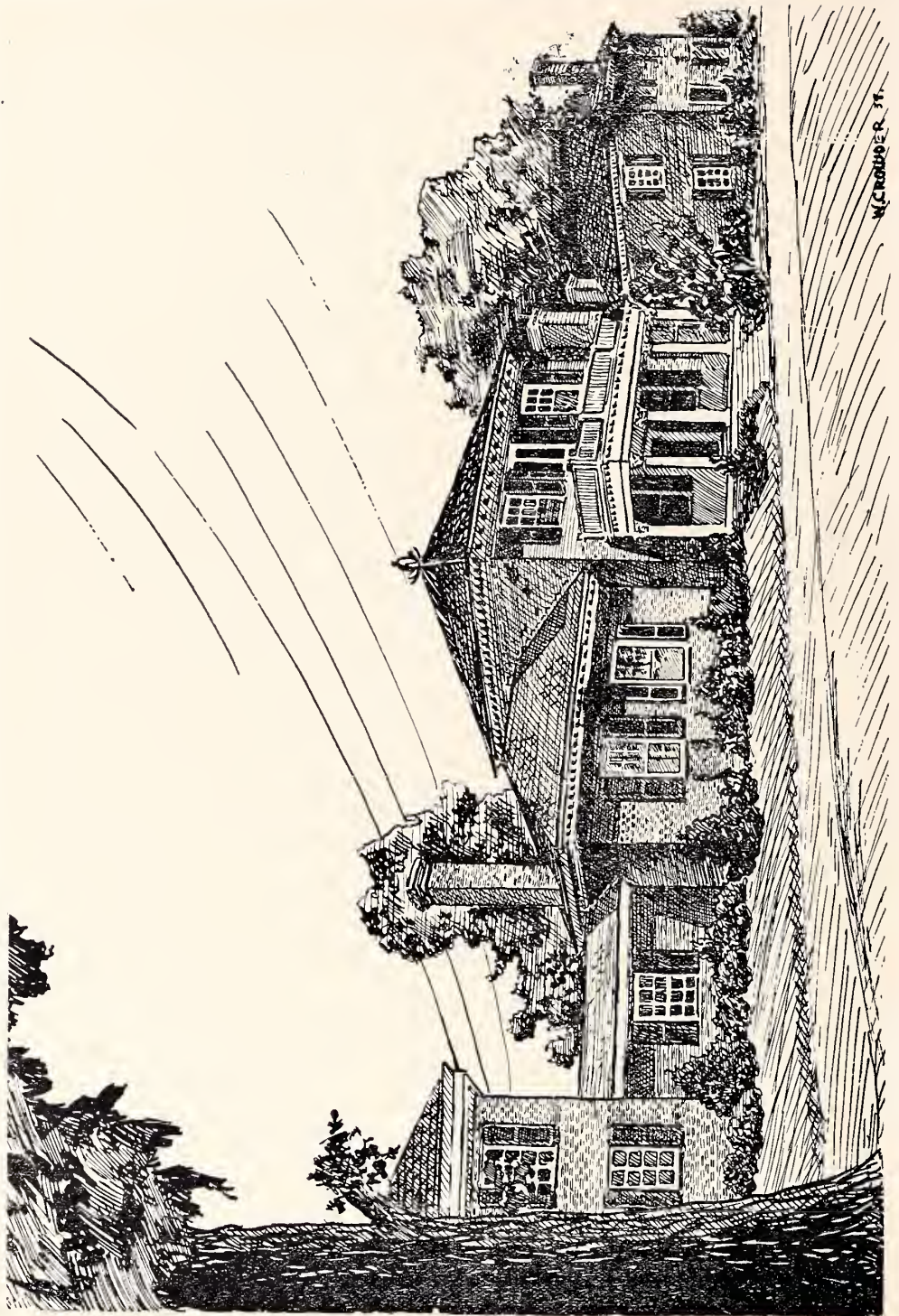


HE modern poet writes blank verse, which I do not understand; the modern artist daubs his canvas with painted nightmares and calls it Surrealism; the modern musician plays "swing" for "jitterbugs." Now I'll admit I have no artistic talent, but I can bake an angel food cake that will make a poet forsake his Muse, the artist drop his palette, and the musician shiver with ecstasy.

I use the whites of twelve eggs. I like the eggs cold, cold as a bill collector's heart. I whip the egg whites until they stand up like the white tarleton of a ballet dancer's skirt. Then I slowly beat three cups of granulated sugar into the egg whites, you know, with that languid first warm day of spring motion. Now I fold into the mixture one cup of flour, into which have been sifted a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Gosh, wouldn't I like someone to fold me into a gorgeous ermine coat or even into a bunny cape, price twelve ninety-five. Steady there, gal, aren't you making a cake? Oh yes. Well, next I flavor the batter with a teaspoonful of vanilla and pour it into an ungreased angel cake pan, which I put into an oven with only one burner turned on, for this pan of "heaven-sent fluff" will certainly fall if both burners are turned on. At the end of an hour the cake, luscious and white, and risen in all its glory, is ready to be taken out of the oven.

Now don't crowd me, poet and artist and musician. Each one of you shall have a slice, for,

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience and live without
heart;
We may live without friends;
We may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."



Brandon

By Francis Wyatt



HERE is something enchanting about Brandon; Brandon, rich in colonial history, steeped in the tradition of the past, and mellowed through the course of over two hundred years. Something is present at Brandon; something which makes itself known immediately to the visitor, and yet that something defies definition. For want of a better word, we may call it atmosphere.

Perhaps it is the structure of the house, perhaps it is Brandon's exquisite site besides the James, or perhaps it is the beauty of the garden which creates this indescribable atmosphere.

Certainly no place can hold one in its embrace as well as Brandon. As soon as the visitor enters the ivy-covered gate, he is wafted away from this modern age of today into the glamorous romance of the past, when this estate was a gem among colonial estates. Indeed, Brandon is a lovely place today, but try as one may, he cannot make himself believe that it belongs to any other period except Colonial Virginia.

As I entered the gate, my attention was focused immediately upon the great number of trees to the rear of the house. The road leads to the back since most of these colonial estates faced the river. There were trees of many kinds scattered in profusion over the lawn. The graveled, circular driveway was encircled by a bordering of logs which had been painted white. I was deeply impressed by the beauty of the back lawn. Never had I realized that a combination of trees and lawn could produce such magnificent results.

When I walked over this beautiful, well-kept lawn and heard the wind rustling the leaves in the tree tops, my thoughts wandered back to the early seventeenth century when Captain John Martin was the owner of the estate. How the fiery old captain must have enjoyed walking on the green carpet; how he must have loved to lie down under the trees, to be lulled to sleep softly by the gentle breeze. Martin had been a member of the first Council of the Colony and had enjoyed Brandon for a few years until in 1637 he had relinquished the estate then known as "Martin's Brandon."

I wondered if the original owner had talked with Captain John Smith, whom he had accompanied to Virginia, under those very trees. The wind still rustled gently, and I felt that if I listened closely, I might catch, perhaps, some accent of a whispered word uttered long ago at Brandon.

Completely enveloped by the atmosphere, I remembered more of its history. The estate had come into the possession of three men: Richard Quincey, John Sadler, and Symon Sturgis. These men, too, must have

loved the plantation, and perhaps they had planted some of the very trees under which I was standing.

Brandon's next owner was Nathaniel Harrison. I really felt better acquainted with this old colonial gentleman, mostly because his descendants, until recently, have owned and loved their rich heritage.

My thoughts were interrupted when I saw the other members of our party preparing to enter the house. For the first time, I took a good look at the home itself. Brandon is a beautiful example of colonial architecture, not quite so massive as Upper Brandon or Westover, but quite as beautiful. Our hostess pointed out to us that the home is still "lived in and enjoyed," and I enjoyed Brandon more because of this fact. The house consists of three buildings: a north and south wing and a more elaborate central building. All three of them are joined by a low, hall-like connection. The south wing was built first in the early eighteenth century, the north wing twenty-five years later, and the central part shortly before the Revolution. An interesting fact to note was that the floor levels of these three buildings are different, the south wing being the lowest, the north wing next, and the central portion being the highest. However, they are connected in such a way as to make this fault unnoticeable.

As I mounted the steps, my gaze stopped, almost automatically, on the beautiful Corinthian columns which support the top of the porch. These columns were perfectly carved and were snowy white. On the top of the porch, a quite unique feature of Brandon presented itself in the form of a balustrade. Nowhere in our tour did I see another one like it.

No less a person than Thomas Jefferson is said to have designed the central building. I could almost see the great architect planning and dreaming of the building, and, as evidenced by Brandon itself, his dreaming, imagination, and skill were captured in the central part of the house to such an extent that every brick, every detail plays an integral part in constituting the beauty of the home.

The doors of the house are not as large or imposing as the great doors of Upper Brandon, but they are equally as beautiful. Old locks, all original, beautify these doors with their shiny surface.

The atmosphere seemed even more prevalent in the spacious hall of the home, perhaps because I was thinking of the architect of the central building. I wondered how many famous people had walked through the door into the hall just as I had done. How many people must have marveled at the triple arch, the most prominent architectural feature of the home. These arches, located about in the center of the hall, look, as they are said to be, in perfect scale. Truly, no arches could be more beautiful than these. The central arch is the tallest, with the smaller arches at either side. All are supported by beautiful columns on the composite order. I wondered how anything could be so beautiful.

The lovely stairway, whose newel is completely surrounded by balus-

ters, rises under the arch at the left, and a dark paneling, waist-high, goes up the entire length of the steps. These stairs, doubtless, have echoed with the steps of many prominent Virginia gentlemen. In fancy, I could see them moving up and down.

My attention was next called to an exquisite pair of Waterford glass chandeliers in the hall. Needless to say, they were composed of intricate shapes and sizes of glass and cannot be given justice in a written description.

Then I entered the drawing room which was situated to the right of the hall. This room is one of the most beautiful in the house, and although it is newer than the dining-room, which is opposite it, it is just as interesting. A chandelier, also of Waterford glass, and much more elaborate than those in the hall, adorns the high-pitched ceiling.

When I glanced down at the rug, I was astonished at the beauty of it. This rug is patterned in lovely pink roses, and although it retains practically all of its original color and beauty, it shows the effect of wear. The entablature above the mantel is a beautiful detail of the room, being in the shape of a broken triangle. Perhaps the thing that adds most to the charm of this room is the lovely, narrow paneling which must have required skill and care in building.

Every old home has a ghost, and Brandon is no exception. From the chandelier in this drawing room hangs a ring, now black with age. This ring is supposedly a wedding ring. No one knows why it was put there. Tradition says that some broken-hearted lady hung it there, and that often she returns to wish a blessing upon her descendants. The irresistible lure of Brandon may be the reason for her return, and it would require little imagination in that atmosphere to see some beautiful lady enter the room, speak in a silvery tone, and vanish.

The entire drawing room is furnished with Chippendale and Sheraton furniture, and, needless to say, each piece is a veritable work of art.

Upon leaving this room, I passed again through the hall into the dining-room, perhaps one of the oldest rooms in the house. The paneling of this room is somewhat wider than that in the drawing room, and the only irregularity exists in the paneling between the two windows on the front. There this paneling, wide at the top, slants down to a narrow end to fit the curve in the architectural style of the windows.

A portrait of Justice Peters Daniels hangs over the mantel, and a picture of his wife hangs on the wall to the right of him. Although I know little or nothing about art, both of these pictures seemed to be excellent paintings and must be highly prized. The entire room produces a beautiful effect in its style of furnishings, its beautiful mantel, and its gorgeous paneling.

When we entered the hall again, our hostess pointed out to us that the front door is directly in line with the front gate, and that the back door centers on the path to the river. The entire house is built around this

axis. This lovely feature made me realize more than ever the careful planning of the master architect. I am sure that he could survey his work with just pride.

At the back of the hall, near the stairway, hangs a picture of General Lee. This is the last portrait of him painted from life. It was beautiful, portraying the Southern gentleman so accurately that I almost fancied that I saw his eyelid flutter. Certainly Cyphus Thompson, the painter, deserves credit for this picture.

We left the house and walked out on the porch which faces the river. This porch was another fine work of art, another evidence of the greatest architect of his day. A distressing thing to me was that the porch was fairly riddled with holes made from bullets in the Civil War. These have never been patched up and are a present testimony of the havoc wrought on the South by Yankee guns.

As I descended the steps and walked along the path to the river, my breath was almost taken away by the beauty of the gardens. Nowhere have I seen any gardens to rival those of Brandon. Their charm does not lie in the fact that they possess so many unusual types of flowers, but rather because these gardens contain the ordinary, old-fashioned flowers—those we have known and loved. Even in November, many flowers were blooming, including chrysanthemums and red dahlias.

Directly in front of the home there is a large, circular lawn, encompassed by box bushes. I imagined that I could see colonial ladies flitting up and down the lawn and the good-natured colored mammies walking across the green grass. How they must have loved this beautiful spot! I had a feeling of awe when I thought that perhaps General Lee, Thomas Jefferson and countless other celebrities had walked upon the very spot on which I stood.

Two Irish yew trees adorn the lawn and stand out like jewels in a golden ring. They are said to be the finest pair in America, and they rightfully enjoy their reputation. Little squirrels also enjoyed the gardens and were a source of curiosity and amusement to our party.

Leading from this vast circle, a walk, carpeted with grass and hedged in by countless trees and bushes, leads to the river. The site of Brandon on the James cannot be described. Let it be sufficient to state that nowhere in the whole world could Captain John Martin have selected a more beautiful spot for a home.

In the right section of the garden, a pecan tree, said to be over three hundred and twenty-five years old, rears its lofty branches to the sky. The tree still bears pecans. It gave me infinite pleasure to stand under a tree which has witnessed and survived two hard-fought wars. If only it had the ability to speak, what a story it could tell.

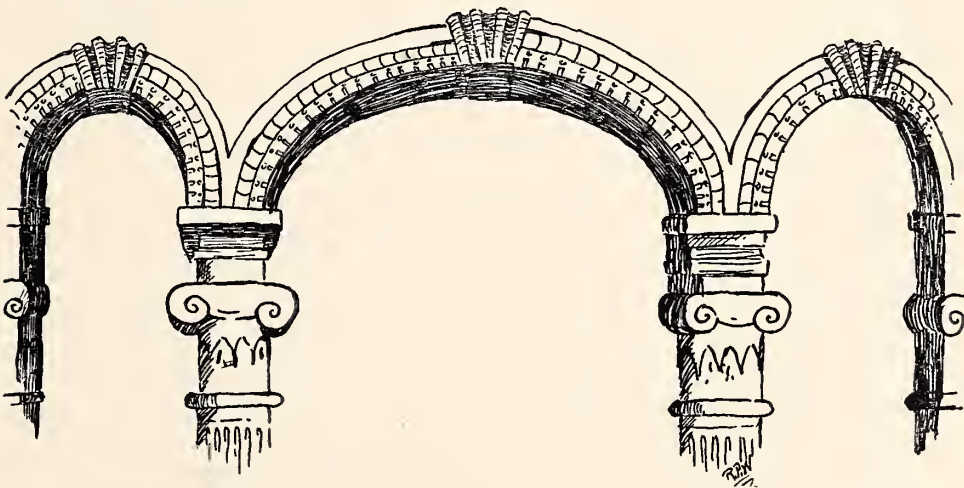
Near this tree is one of the most beautiful spots in the entire estate, a spot which seemingly is secluded by box bushes from the rest of the al-

ready exquisite garden. It was in the form of a square, and in the center lies a crystal pool encircled with ivy. There were five walks leading to the pool, and between each was a plentiful growth of periwinkle.

One could go on for hours in the description of these gardens, but too many details would be monotonous. The planning of the entire garden, including the three main walks, is beautiful. There are beautiful spots, spots created and cultivated for beauty alone, scattered over the grounds, but the garden is not hindered with too much planning. The main job of beautifying is left to nature with excellent results. It almost seems unwise to attempt description of such a paradise of flowers, trees, and shrubs. There is only one way to appreciate its beauty. See it yourself.

The only real modernistic touch in this historic estate which has resisted so well the trend of modern life is the playhouse to the right of the old home. Perhaps its only interest, exclusive of beauty, lies in its style of architecture. It was modeled after the old block house which stands about two hundred yards away, and it bears a striking resemblance to it. Beyond the block house, originally intended for protection against Indians, lies the old Harrison burying ground. Time did not allow me to visit it, but I am sure that everyone placed in that graveyard enjoys quiet and peace in one of the few truly beautiful places in the world.

Reluctantly, with many backward glances, we drove away, and as Brandon grew smaller in the distance, I noticed on the roof a carved wooden pineapple, the symbol of hospitality. Brandon has entertained many people, famous or otherwise, within its hospitable walls. Its beauty has impressed others before me just as much as it impressed me. Others, too, have wondered and marveled at the very things which I have briefly discussed, and I have no doubt that future generations will do the same. Beautiful Brandon on the James typifies the most renowned Southern characteristic—hospitality.



Mother Nature

By Louise Thompson

When spring has come at last,
Nature like a mother
Wakes up her children fast;
Their day they must begin
Before the day be past.

Each child a suit she makes
Of colors gay and bright
And lets them play by lakes
In fields on hills and dales,
Each heedless of care it takes.

The children merrily play,
And dance and nod to the ground
And are happy that way
Until the sun's gone round
And leaves them tired but gay.

And as the sun goes down
She undressed them for bed,
Strips off their coats of brown,
And with a blanket of snow
She gently tucks them down.

It's With Us Yet

By Janice Rose



LIZABETH HARRISON jumped quickly from her horse, carefully tied Captain, the big bay stallion, to a tree, and ran hastily to the mulberry tree. She then climbed the tree and fearfully scanned the landscape with her opera glasses. She gave a little gasp of fear; they really had come. There was a small company of blue-coated cavalry riding dejectedly, as if their horses were fully tired out and not more than a mile and a half away.

Elizabeth was down the tree in a second and had Captain speeding along the river to the house. She made it in a matter of minutes, threw the reins to one of the yard boys, and turned to Uncle Amos, the black, woolly-haired butler of the place and the guardian while her father and brother were away in the army.

"God help us," she said; "they have come! Uncle Amos, do you think that you can do it?"

"Miss Elizebef, chile, I done prayed over hit a right smart prayer, and de Lord donè tole me He's standin' by. Miss Elizebef, I ain't never done failed a Harrison yit, and das more important den all de Yankees. Shucks, Miss Elizebef, honey; sho' I ken," he replied.

Elizabeth flashed him a smile of gratitude and hurried along the hall that was fragrant with good cooking. She went to her room. Elizabeth was soon dressing as speedily as Aunt Dilsey and Chloe could hand her apparel to her. Her mind was keeping pace with her busy fingers.

She had been training the darkies for days. Oh, if they would only remember! Ben and Josh, the yard boys and the best dancers on the place, were to be doing a jig to Uncle Quick's playing. Aunt Dilsey was to be in the kitchen singing her usual evening song of praise. She was sure the Harrisons were the finest people in the South and Brandon the loveliest plantation. She might be excused for holding this view, for the lovely old southern home, with its two spreading wings surrounded by its lovely garden and proud magnolias, mimosas, and oaks seemed like a little bit of Eden dropped down into old Virginia.



"Look lak an angel, right from heaven," declared Aunt Dilsey.

"Your grandmother is taking her evening nap," said Miss Johnson, her grandmother's companion, as she entered the room. They picked up their knitting and settled themselves on the front veranda.

Elizabeth's heart beat fearfully when she heard the hoof beats of many horses, and she knew the Yankees were here. Uncle Quick's fiddle had just the right pace for evening, the river was a blaze of gold, long cool shadows fell across the lawn, and the birds twittered as they settled for the night. Aunt Dilsey's evening song was joyfully ringing, and the perfume of magnolias was everywhere.

Elizabeth's and Miss Johnson's fingers flew among the knitting needles, and they stopped still at Uncle Amos's "Miss Elizebef, chile, dis am Lieutenant Mr. John Alderman ob de army ob de North." Elizabeth arose and extended her hand with Southern courtesy, while all the time her heart prayed, "Let him be a gentleman."

"How do you do, Lieutenant Alderman?" she said. "I am Elizabeth Harrison, and this is a dear friend of the family, Miss Sarah Johnson. You must be very warm and tired. We were expecting guests for dinner, but it is too late for them now, so we offer you the hospitality of Brandon. Uncle Amos, let Ben and Josh take the horses to the stable," she said.

"Come right dis way, gentlemens," said the proud old negro. "I specks you would like to git washed and brushed up some fo' dinner."

When they had enjoyed the luxuries of water, soap, and comb, Uncle Amos appeared with his face shining.

"De gentlemans," he announced, "always has de mint juleps on de veranda afore dinner," he said, and led the way with dignity. Uncle Amos's faith was pinned to the mint juleps. "Miss Elizebef," he had confided a moment before, "if dey's gentlemen, de mint juleps will do the trick; and if dey ain't gentlemen, hain't nothing can do hit."

Uncle Amos was almost satisfied as he stirred the second helping. "Hit's gwine ter work," he exulted; "jus' dis little second glass for ebery one and den de dinner. After dat eben a pusson meaner than a yellow houn' dog couldn't do nuffin' mean or wicked," he thought.

"Lieutenant, suh, when de gentlemans am through, Miss Elizebef ax me to show you de way to de dining-room," he said.

Elizabeth and Miss Johnson made a lovely picture waiting at the head of the table that had its usual china, silver, crystal, and linen (nothing had been hidden away). Each man coming in instinctively thought of home. This was what Elizabeth had planned for. Many of them were little more than boys; they sat down, with their eyes drinking in Elizabeth's simple grace. Nothing, however, took their appetites. They all ate quietly. Elizabeth was thankful for this because her grandmother thought that guests from the neighboring plantation were dining with them.

"Lieutenant," said Miss Johnson, "if you all could spend the night, I

am sure you would enjoy having the negroes sing. You see, they always come up from the quarters on Saturday nights to sing for Mrs. Harrison, Elizabeth's grandmother. She is an invalid, and her heart is pretty weak."

"Oh, could you do that?" invited Elizabeth. "I can assure you it's beautiful, and we have a double office that you and your men may use. We should like to have you hear them, but we have to have things pretty quiet here on account of grandmother."

Lieutenant Alderman looked up alertly; was she helping her father or some one to get away? Had she staged this dinner to help some one home on furlough to escape? No, there was no anxiety in her voice.

"Miss Harrison," he said, "that is the kindest invitation I ever heard. It's been so long since my men have had a good night's rest. We humbly accept."

"Well, now that's settled," said Elizabeth, rising from the table. "I always sing for grandmother every evening at this time; and if you gentlemen won't be too bored, you can have your cigars on the porch," she said. She wondered if Uncle Amos would let them smoke his master's special cigars, but it never entered Uncle Amos's head to disobey her.

So Elizabeth sang with a comparatively light heart, and the boys on the porch were nearer to being traitors than they had ever been before. Elizabeth had hardly begun the last verse of the song when music was wafted to them on the breeze from another direction. Fiddlers, banjos, and the humming of many voices were a part of the night. The twinkle of many lanterns rose over the hill, and soon the plantation darkies gathered around the veranda just as they finished singing "Nellie Gray." They sang many more old songs familiar to all of them.

"God," prayed Lieutenant Alderman and all of the other Yankee hearts, "please have mercy on our souls, for this is what we came to destroy."

After the oldest negroes had said good-night to Elizabeth and Miss Johnson, Elizabeth turned to the troops and said softly, "I do hope you can stay until eight o'clock in the morning, and see them when they come for prayers. Grandmother is brought down then, and she leads them. If you will stay, your breakfast will be served at a quarter to seven," she said.

"Thank you," said Alderman quietly, "we will stay."

Later the lieutenant questioned Uncle Amos, "Don't they work you all awfully hard here to keep up such a place? Don't they have to drive you like mules?" he asked.

"Lawdy, Marsy," said Uncle Amos, "de mos ob de wuk what we does ain't nuffin' but play fo a nigger, and it 'pears lak niggers and mules is mostly lak, de harder you wuk 'em de better off dey is," he replied.

"The harder you work them the better off they are?" questioned Alderman.

"Yas, suh," said Uncle Amos with conviction. "When a nigger ain't

at wuk, he tries to think lak white men, and he ain't got the ingregents. Dat's what he lak. Seem lak de inside his head jest ain't made fer it. Now de white man can think till he make hisself tired, and somepin' come of it, but bless your soul, suh, when a nigger thinks, seem lak he all time 'only thinkin' up trouble. Most generally his thinkin' leads him to somebody's chicken house. No, suh, I sure don't lak to see a nigger git to doin' too much thinkin," he said.

"I see," said Alderman laughing, "you mean their brains don't have the proper ingredients to think with."

"Yas, suh, dat's 'zactly hit," he replied.

"Amos," he said as the old darky turned to go, "tell Miss Elizabeth not to worry, we will be very quiet and not disturb her grandmother."

"Yas, suh, thank you kindly, suh," said Uncle Amos. Once outside the door the old darkey fell upon his knees and said "Praise de Lord" over and over very softly.

The company awoke at six o'clock, and later they ate a delicious breakfast of hot cakes, sausages, butter, syrup and coffee.

The darkies came quickly and solemnly this morning and the men gathered quickly behind the hedge, well screened from the porch and grandmother Harrison. When she raised her quavering old voice and prayed, every figure was kneeling with bowed head. The lads in blue kneeled, too.

"God, we thank Thee for all Thy goodness; for keeping our people strong and well; and God, we thank Thee most for keeping John and the boys so safe in battle. Give those who are left behind courage and strength. Bless both the South and the North, for, Lord, I am afraid that we are both wrong. We ask that out of all the suffering and death that a new fellowship may arise in the country. Lord, we pray Thee to care for all our people kneeling here this morning. They need Thy care, Lord, very much," she prayed.

The company arose with an "Amen" and not a dry eye in the crowd. As soon as the darkies left, Lieutenant Alderman asked Uncle Amos if he could see Miss Elizabeth a moment.

"I want to say good-bye to the bravest lady that I have ever met," said Alderman when Elizabeth appeared. "I have a keepsake that I wish to leave with you," he said simply. "It was my grandmother's, and it was her wedding ring."

Elizabeth was about to say, "Oh, but I couldn't," but she could not say that to the person who spared her grandmother and home.

"I accept it from one of the noblest gentlemen that I have ever known, and I shall be proud to wear it. Good-bye, and God bless you," she said.

Elizabeth was a grateful woman that day. Not long after the troops had ridden away, she stood at the hall window and began examining the ring. A sudden step behind her caused her to turn. She cried out and

flung her hands upward. The ring flew off and hit with a metallic sound, but she didn't notice it much, for her father had entered.

"Oh, father, you have come home," she cried.

Her father smiled. He told her he had seen the Yankee troops as he came near the house the day before. He thought everything was safe because the darkies were singing. He had watched the service that very morning.

"Oh, father," said Elizabeth, "just as soon as you have rested, I will tell you about the ring that I dropped as you came in. I think it flew over the fireplace, for I heard it strike the marble."

They never found the ring, however; and her father said that it was a sure sign that the North and South would never mix.

Many years later it was found fitted over a glass crystal of the chandelier. It has hung there undisturbed for more than seventy years. It is the spirit of peace, a guardian of Brandon.



Pines

By Bernard Cooper

The tall green pines are bending low
Before the wind's sharp blustry blast,
Now sighing, crying, through dark green needles,
Which form a dusky canopy vast.


Their sweet dry scent a perfume is
That fills the air with aroma of spice;
Their sighing, sighing the tired mind lulls,
And more softly soothes than kindest advice.

The needles form a wide brown mat
Upon mother nature's forest floor,
And sighing, crying, the pine leaves sound
As a sonorous voice from a distant shore.



Upper Brandon

By Ruth Kauffman

 CONFESS I don't know what to say. Talking and writing seem so idle when one is awed, overcome, overwhelmed by the—what? What is it? Romance? Romance, why do you haunt me? Please, please do not haunt me; consume me. Take me with you in your magic cloud. The gentle, soothing, mellow breezes buffet you around with such ease and grace. Oh, unstable you! So fairy-like! Dissolve me! Transform me, make me invisible that I may be enchanting, ———!

How can you be so selfish to leave me out in the cold? Oh, foolish me and oh, superhuman you! But 'tis not yet your bedtime.

You, who have made the leaves assume much of your richness and gaiety of color, come, come, to dwell with me for one more precious moment. Then I shall bid you farewell, for I know it has been miserably boring for you, who prance in and out of the box bushes, leap up into the yellow and gold-clad trees, and tease the leaves into chasing you, then dance so nymph-like on this velvety stage before the Golden River, to remain thus long with so dull a creature as I.

Lo! Where in the world am I that I do expect anything quite so far from the laws of human existence? Whence the origin of so insane a desire? Surely 'tis not I; 'tis this old place—Upper Brandon.

On surveying this house from about midway of the front lawn, or park, if you please, I was smitten by the beauty of the grounds as well as of the house. When I pondered in my mind and continued to view the house, divided into three parts—one rather imposing main section, flanked on each side by two less imposing, or rather plain sections—all trimmed in white, though made of red brick, I began to compare it in my inadequate memory and imagination to other estates of its kind. Here it was that I realized that it is not supposed to be like any other mansion. The beauty lies not in its colonial outline but rather in its individual atmosphere and charm.

Next, I wondered where its uniqueness is expressed. I looked again—have I ever seen anything quite like this? Immediately in front of the house is what might be termed a barricade of box bushes about six feet high. Where there is an opening in the wall to admit the view of the door to the river, two straight magnolias stand guard. Stopping abruptly at the edge of the house on one end, the wall then winds on down to the river, its windings having been inset with shrubs.

Presently as I continued to gaze, I was able to dismember it and admire the parts individually, trying to see what made it so wonderful.

I noticed that the main section has one larger porch, jutting out in front of the other two smaller porches which are nestled on each side like an inverted "L" behind the protruding walls. Next—the shade of the bricks in the minor buildings perchance suggests a difference in age.

I considered further; the two wings or minor sections, as I called them, are unusually plain in contrast to the main section with its three porches.

"They're 'porchless'," I deduced; "they don't seem to be in use either."

Centering my attention now on a rather attractive feature which gave an air of self-dependence, I noticed a number of different-sized buildings in the back yard, painted very prettily white, enclosed by a neat fence of the same color, the idea being that the old plantations were self-supporting and these are some of the necessary buildings.

Formerly, according to Mrs. Byrd, there was a mill on the place, and I remember seeing the cross-section of a mill stone at the back step.

To get back to the front yard—it is adorned by a number of very beautiful old trees. An especially huge one caught my fancy; it was not directly in front of the house, but in the side yard, visible from almost any position in the front or back yard. The perfect shape of so large a tree made it more spectacular and we so fortunately saw it in all its glory, blended with the richest hues of gold, red and yellow. It was gorgeous! To think it would last only for a few weeks more struck a note of sadness in my heart. Then to the contrary—enjoyment while it lasted—resulting in a rapture near ecstasy.

Oh! that I could remain under these trees, so stately and yet so friendly because they belong to nature, to watch the great though turbid James roll by, forever. These trees are very kind, for I see one sheltering the sweet home of a bird.

Later as we ascended the steps of the house, I noticed that there were cellar-like connections between the wings and the main part. They had remained unnoticed from a distance. Ivy frequently clung to it.

As I entered the house, the first thing that beckoned my attention was the main arch in the hall, very worthy of admiration. The arch terminated in columns which added to its beauty and charm. The stairway was exquisite and very picturesque as it wound around into the higher altitudes of my fading imagination. Having quenched my thirst to some extent with that rare sight, I passed on into a very attractive bedroom and again bathed my soul with the delights of seeing two more arches, much smaller, however. A lack of conformity impressed me here, for there were three windows in the room, two of which had square frames and one was arched to correspond with an arched doorway. I could forget about the square ones while looking at the arches and vice versa. Both were very attractive.

Next I went into the dining-room. What unusually wide, short doors! One person suggested that they were made especially for the ladies with

their hooped skirts. I am inclined to agree with him. The paneling extends only about one-third of the way up—a breaking away from the earlier sealed rooms, I presumed.

Everywhere an air of dignity reigned. It startled me to think such a peaceful citadel of beauty and quiet remained through the years of the Civil War. More than that; it was held by the Federal troops though not without destruction and depredation. Mr. F. Otway Byrd, who is the present owner, reminded me that they made away with every mantel except one, which is now in use.

However, one remarkable fact remains: the great mirror which hangs on the wall of the living room was preserved unharmed.

The peninsula on which both Brandons now stand was granted to John Martin, who came over with Captain John Smith in 1607. It was originally called "Martin's Brandon"—hence the name "Brandon."

During the first century of settlement, it changed hands several times. Among its owners were Richard Quincey, a brother of Thomas Quincey who married Judith Shakespeare, also the husband of Ellen Saddler whose niece was the wife of John Harvard, founder of Harvard College. In 1720 the Harrison family took it over, and their descendants for the following two hundred years have held it.

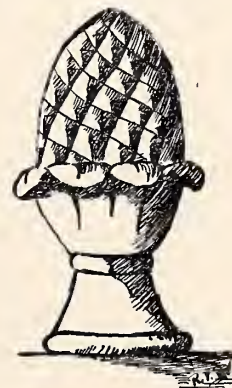
The Harrisons were conspicuous in both the colony and the commonwealth in every generation. The Harrison family enjoys the notable distinction of having two of its members fill the office of President of the United States—first William Henry Harrison and later his grandson, Benjamin Harrison.

It was this house that William Byrd Harrison erected in 1815. The original "Brandon" was divided by Benjamin Harrison for his two sons. George Evelyn being the eldest received the old estate now called "Lower Brandon" or "Brandon." The Byrd connection was brought in by the beautiful daughter of Colonel William Byrd III, Evelyn Taylor Byrd, who was the mother of William Byrd Harrison, the builder of this house.

William Harrison married Mary Randolph and Ellen Wayles, and all three of his sons fought in the Confederate army.

As we took our departure, I observed that the back porch was very similar to the main one in front. Here also soared super oaks. The ivy has crept up the old bricks in all cat-likeness—unnoticed in the doing.

We left. The door was shut, and thus ended our journey of transition into the past.



Treasures of the River Bank

By Katherine Kyle

Today I saw them clustered there,
A straggling line along the bank;
So soft, and fuzzy was their hair,
So pearly gray—some big, some small,
Like kittens they're so sweet, so fair.

A vagrant breeze went rushing by;
They nestled like kittens to the stem
As kittens to their mothers lie—
The smallest buds are pearly gray
As waving and tossing they please the eye.

But soon in yellow they erupt,
A million little buds, each one
A sweet and honeyed nectar cup—
A waving Mecca for honey-bees
To come and eat and drink and sup.

To the river bank I came to sort
And pick the treasures growing there—
But to kittens no havoc should be wrought,
So empty-handed I came away;
To the pussy-willows I did nought.





PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM, 1938

Revenge

By Olive Stewart



LARRY HAMILTON sat contemplating suicide. For two weeks he had planned to take his own life, but one desire had checked this plan, the desire for revenge against the gangsters who had demanded huge sums for protection for his firm, which had been forced into bankruptcy. First, three of his trunks had mysteriously disappeared; then his building had accidentally caught on fire and these losses had caused his firm to fail. He knew that Bugs Moran and his gang of thugs had stolen his trunks and set fire to his building because of his failure to meet their demands for money. He also knew that he could never prove their guilt. He did not blame the police for their failure to convict these gangsters, for they covered their activities so cleverly that they could not be indicted on any count. Therefore, he wished to gain revenge before he took his own life.



Try as he might, Larry did not know how to go about gaining his revenge. To take a pistol and attempt to murder this gang was not his method. For one thing, he had never fired a gun in his life. In a pistol fight he would not stand a chance, and he was not cowardly enough to shoot them in the back, even if they had used such cowardly methods against him. Hiring a killer would not work since no one man wished to tackle such a powerful gang. So he was wracking his brain to devise some subtle method to eliminate his enemies.

Finally, a brilliant thought struck him. At last he had devised a method of getting his revenge. He started carrying out his plan.

"Get me the Tuxedo Club," said Larry to the telephone operator.

"Tuxedo Club? Let me speak to Mr. Bugs Moran . . . Bugs? This is Larry Hamilton, one of your victims. Say, would you meet me at the Victory Restaurant at three o'clock this afternoon? I have a proposition to make to you. You will? Good, then I'll see you at three."

At three a swarthy, heavy-set, flashily dressed man entered the Victory Restaurant with two men who were obviously body guards. He announced himself as Bugs Moran and demanded to be shown to Larry's

table. He was ushered to the table of Larry Hamilton who rose to meet him with outstretched hand. Ignoring the outstretched hand, Bugs took his seat and demanded to know the reason for this conference.

"Now don't get excited, Mr. Moran," said Larry. "I simply want to discuss a business proposition."

"Why should you want to do business with me since you claim to be one of my victims? After all, you can't hold any affection for me since the bankruptcy of your firm," said Bugs skeptically.

"Well, I realize that I was wrong by not meeting your demands. Anyway, you are the only man who will consider my proposition, and I am willing to let bygones be bygones if you will take this job I am offering you," said Larry.

"Well, what's your proposition?" questioned Bugs who seemed content with Larry's explanation.

"I wish you to kill a man. If you will, I will pay you five thousand dollars, every cent I have in the world. I am so anxious to see this man dead that I will spend my last cent to cause his death," Larry replied.

"I'll do it, but if you try to frame me, my men and I will get you if it is the last thing we do," Bugs muttered threateningly.

"Good," said Larry. "Now, next Tuesday night at eleven o'clock this man will leave the Seaside Club. He will be attired in formal evening wear. He will carry a gold-headed cane. He will wear a regular top hat. he will wear a light felt hat. Also he will wear a gardenia in his lapel and he will be about my build."

"Okay, but remember. I won't stand for any double cross," said Bugs preparing to leave.

After leaving the club, Larry entered a drug store and went to the phone booth. He spoke to the telephone operator: "Give me police headquarters. Hello, Chief? Well, I have a tip that Bugs Moran and his gang are planning to bump off a man in front of the Seaside Club at eleven o'clock next Tuesday night. Goodby." Hanging up the receiver, he hurried quickly from the drug store.

"Casey," said the Police Sergeant, "I've just received a tip that Bugs Moran is planning to bump off someone next Tuesday night in front of the Seaside Club. The man didn't give his name, so it's probably a false alarm. But you had better look into it anyway. It would be a feather in our cap if we could pin a murder rap on Bugs."

"Right," replied Casey. "I'll take Haley, Burke, and Thompson with me. I certainly hope that man gave us the right information. If I caught Bugs, it would probably mean a promotion for me."

Tuesday night at 10:45 a speedy touring car came to a stop opposite the Seaside Club. The three occupants were Bugs Moran and two henchmen. In their excitement they failed to notice another car stop a block

behind them with its lights off, or if they saw it they did not recognize it as one of the cars of the city police force.

Larry Hamilton, who had watched the approach of these two cars from the club, smiled to himself with satisfaction. Whistling merrily, he prepared to leave the club. He placed his hat at a rakish angle on his head while he surveyed himself in the mirror to see that his evening clothes were just right with no signs of disarray. He took one last smell of the gardenia in his lapel before getting his gold-headed cane preparatory to leaving. Bidding his fellow-members at the club a cheerful good-night, he started gayly down the steps.

"There's our man now," exclaimed Bugs Moran as he fired a fusillade of bullets at the approaching figure. As he watched the figure drop he shouted to his driver, "Let's go, and make it snappy!"

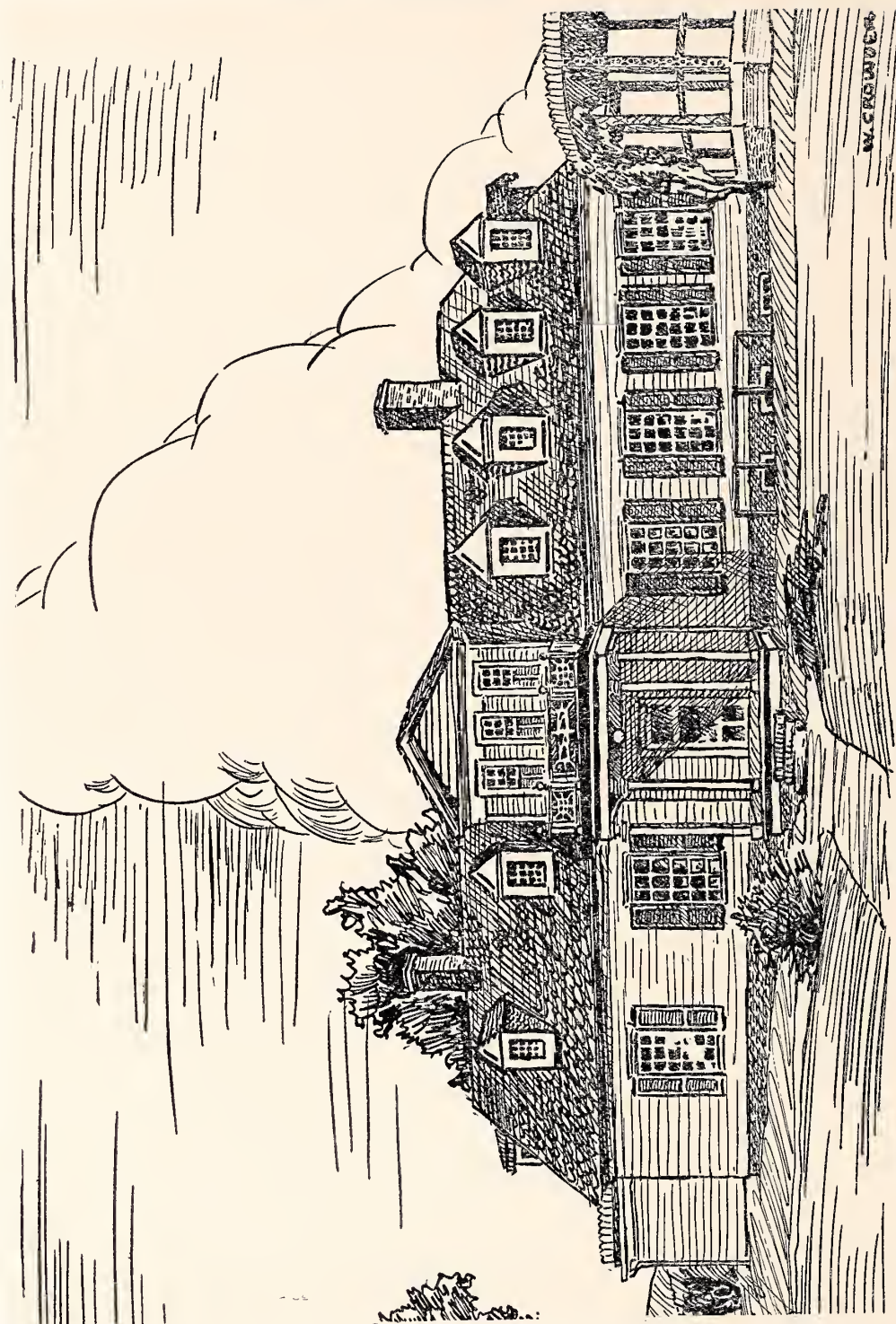
Before the car could get started however, the police car drew abreast. The cops swarmed into the gangsters' car and demanded their surrender. The gangsters, completely surprised, surrendered meekly enough, although uttering threats against Larry Hamilton and the police.

The people who poured out of the club stopped in surprise at seeing Larry dead on the steps.

"Gee," said one, "by that smile on his face you would think he was glad he's dead."

"Yeah," exclaimed another, "he looks as if he had just put over some big deal."





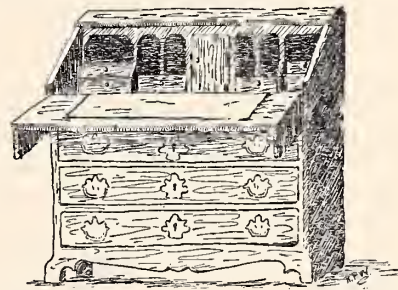
Appomattox Manor

By Evangeline Zehmer



GOOD EVENING, may I introduce myself? I am the estate called Appomattox Manor, which, as you have heard, was originally in the possession of Colonel Francis Eppes. You have come ten miles to chat with me; therefore, I am going to transfer to you a secret by which you may begin a mythical voyage. You will stand, please, on the banks of the Appomattox, on the very spot where you can observe both the James and Appomattox Rivers joining, becoming only the James. The mythical ship is ready! All ashore, who're going ashore!

Our course is due northeast; our port is Dover, England! The years have revolved backwards until, in Buckingham Palace, 1635, we find seated before his royal desk, King Charles I of England. His ringed hand is holding a quill between his teeth, and he seems to be re-reading a document still damp with ink. We can hardly distinguish one letter from another in this dull tallow light; but nevertheless, we manage to conclude that the wording is somewhat thus:



"Granted to one Francis Eppes, for the services which he will render His Majesty, King Charles I, as His Majesty's representative in the Royal Council in that colony of Jamestown, in that realm of the new world called Virginia, 1700 acres where the two rivers, named by the settlers James and Appomattox, join their forces in one current. For the adventure and the danger in which the uncertain voyage places the person of the afore-said Francis Eppes, fifty acres in addition to the 1700 acres previously mentioned. Provided that Francis Eppes is accompanied by his three sons and as many as thirty servants, he will be entitled to an extra area of 620 acres.

"Written with His Majesty's complete knowledge and approval this 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and thirty-five.

"CHARLES I.

"By the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith", etc.

In the harbor scene before us, we discern a family ascending the gangplank of the good ship, Hopewell, for which a town will be named in the coming years. We apprehend that there are three boys just a year

older than when their father received his land grant. Blue skies and radiant sunshine prophesy a land of promise in the west; five eager faces predict a future for the promise; and as we hear the cry, "Full sail to the west," echoed from mast to rigging, we are conscious of a feeling that this Eppes family, traveling to an estate from which one could view the mansion of Governor Thomas Doyle, whose residence had been across the Appomattox on the James since 1613, will be the ancestors of a noble line in Virginia.

Let us step over the Atlantic Ocean with our three-thousand-mile boots! We are on the banks of a river, a small bay, and another river. Those men standing to the south of us have such quaint, strange looking instruments and wear odd coonskin caps. I wonder who they are. Oh, yes, now I recall; they are measuring my boundaries. Also, they are stepping off a square. Goodness, I remember, that is for the dwelling of the King's Councilor, Francis Eppes.

New house, new hopes! Colonel Eppes is seated before a huge fireplace musing over the accomplishment of his new home. Friends will be coming at Christmas to celebrate the holidays and to "set the kettle boiling," over a strange fire whose flames leap higher with each puff of the bellows. Contentment reigns, and this picture is finished.

Father Time has added years upon the scales until they measure 1751. Appomattox Manor, or rather, the house at Appomattox Manor is inadequate for the needs of Colonel Eppes' family. While the Eppeses visit friends and relatives, men begin to tear the timbers apart and replace them with lumber recently felled in the forest to erect a house south of the former abode.

The sons of Francis Eppes now reside in a two-story building. There is an enormous brick chimney at the east and one at the west end of the habitation. White-washed weather-boards enclose, on the ground floor of the rectangular building, three rooms and a staircase exceptionally wide compared to the steps in the servants' quarters. A row of dormer windows, eyes of the house, is strung across the second-story roof. The floor itself is divided into two rooms and a hall.

Odors of neither food, nor water for washing, nor soap making greet the guests under this roof, nor does the noise of owlish servants disturb their slumbers, because the kitchen, laundry, and chamber-maids' chambers are in a separate building about ninety yards from the dining-room hearth. When curious and interested people pilgrimage here—say three centuries from now—with sharpened, keen, alert senses, they will perceive the smell of spices and soap in a cobwebby, musty, storehouse used for every occasion which presents itself in need of a room.

While you walk by the side of the mistress of Appomattox Manor, you may notice hanging from her chatelaine, a key ring on which there are from five to ten hand-made, lead keys whose duty it is to guard the locks,

also fashioned by the pickers and stealers of slaves, who by their own labor must be excluded from the smoke house, ice house, and other houses containing edibles or valuables. The smokehouse, its lock, and its key will bewitch and charm Americans three hundred years hence when they will also see the scars and smoke-stained rafters of what will be to them an ancient meat-curing plant.

"There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!"

My grounds tremble with the voicing of opinions against England's supervision of her colonies. Walls are swarming with ears! Whispers and silencings prevail above the laughter and gaiety of the years preceding unrest. Minds are anxious, and I fear that the people I have protected and soothed are beyond reasoning, and they must soon defend me.

1776—"When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station,——."

Tories and Rebels take sides! My esteemed mansion blazes from the pine-knots of the British. Ready to burn to the ground, the house is rescued from Vulcan's clutches by faithful slaves who dare to defy bullets and bayonets of a whole regiment to give aid to something dear to them.

Cornwallis has surrendered! A lull develops succeeding the din. Left is the emptiness of downtrodden fields and the serenity of the dead.

1789—"We, the people of these United States—do ordain and establish this constitution of the United States of America."

Sunbeams transform my woodlands into fairyland. My flower garden is flourishing under the care of tender hands. Sea gulls again venture upon the James and Appomattox. Enacting real hunting scenes, the men folk take steps toward a life of brotherhood in a young nation that dared to proclaim all men born free and equal. A nation is starting out on untried paths.

In 1840, the house is remodeled and extended eastward and westward. Dr. Richard Eppes and his lovely wife take great pains with old-fashioned gardens which are south of the homestead. There are many slaves who, of course, cause the plantation to trend toward the prosperous side. Ladies in their blue and pink muslin and taffeta dresses design colorful and picturesque scenes on the lawn in the summer time.

"By and by hard times come a knocking at the door." Sadness and quietness fall upon the South, for they are entering upon the "War Between the States."

Drums! Bugles! Fifes! Cannon! Feet, marching, trampling, treading under the symbols of peace! Wounds! Blood spilled! (horesco referens). Death! My lands are foraged; and during the howling, whistling of weird

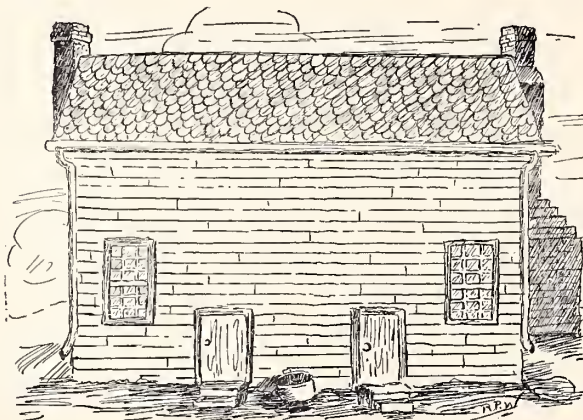
winds dragging in cold and snow, guns are aimed at any structure upon my surface which serves as a barrier against the rain of bullets. A dog of a cannon ball chews off a piece of the chimney ears of the abode. Lo, a torch is touching the shingles of my home! The house commences to burn. I resound with the creaking and groans of blistered wood. The Federal troops, however, fancy that I may be of more use to them if a house stands upon my back, and so they extinguish the flames. "There is a destiny that shapes our ends." The gods decree that I shall remain through the decades as a reminder of a war between kinsmen.

In the midst of the war, Adjutant General Ulysses Simpson Grant, constructed about sixty-five cabins to accommodate his men and himself. Mrs. Eppes with her six children fled to Petersburg under the attack of the Federal army. A great honor to me, though I am a southern plantation, was that, a few days before John Wilkes Booth shot him, President Abraham Lincoln visited Appomattox Manor and called a meeting of his advisers in General Grant's cabin.

"With malice toward none; with charity for all." The war has ended. From devastation and sorrow must rise friendliness and love. Dr. Eppes, in 1865, laid the third garden of the estate, using the old stable lot and, for a boundary, a Confederate rampart. The gardens are stocked with seeds and cuttings from Europe and the Holy Land. At this point, we must pay tribute to George, the faithful old darkey who came to the mansion as a water boy in the commissary of the Northern army. He will live to tell devotees of the Manor about those awful times.

In 1923, Hopewell annexes City Point, one of the original farms of the Eppes home.

We have returned. You behold in a beautiful present, a mansion rambling with gables and dormer windows and many porches. Perhaps it is the oldest home in America still sheltering the descendants of the first master. You come in December to see royally blue heavens, warm sun,



and miniature boats upon the James and Appomattox. You have fastened in your heart the photograph of the desk and two chairs made by slaves and the elm tree which has grown upward from 1792. You leave under a spell of memories and dreams. You have spoken to kindly old George with his deeply-

lined face and white beard. You will never forget this haunt of ancient war and peace, this mansion which has taken part in the heartaches and joys of America so that the very trees and shrubs herald forth their aged inheritance. My story is complete. I, Appomattox Manor, bid you goodbye.



The Daffodil

By Raymond Daniel

The yellow headed daffodil
Was nodding in the breeze
It did not have a care at all
While winking at the trees.

Its careless rapture, unconfined,
Was wafted far and wide;
It seemed to beckon bashful spring
To come and not to hide.

Its purpose done, it was content
To bask in warm spring air.
Nod on, lovely lady of spring,
Delicate, blonde and fair.

The Goldfish

By Mary Franck

They swam against the rippling waves
Among the lilies bright,
The many fish with their golden scales
Enjoying morning light.

As I stood on the edge of the lovely stream
Watching the glittering fish,
I knew that they had been dashed with dust
From the golden enchanted dish.

How I have wished I were as free
As the darting fishes there,
Who swam with opened fan-like tails
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